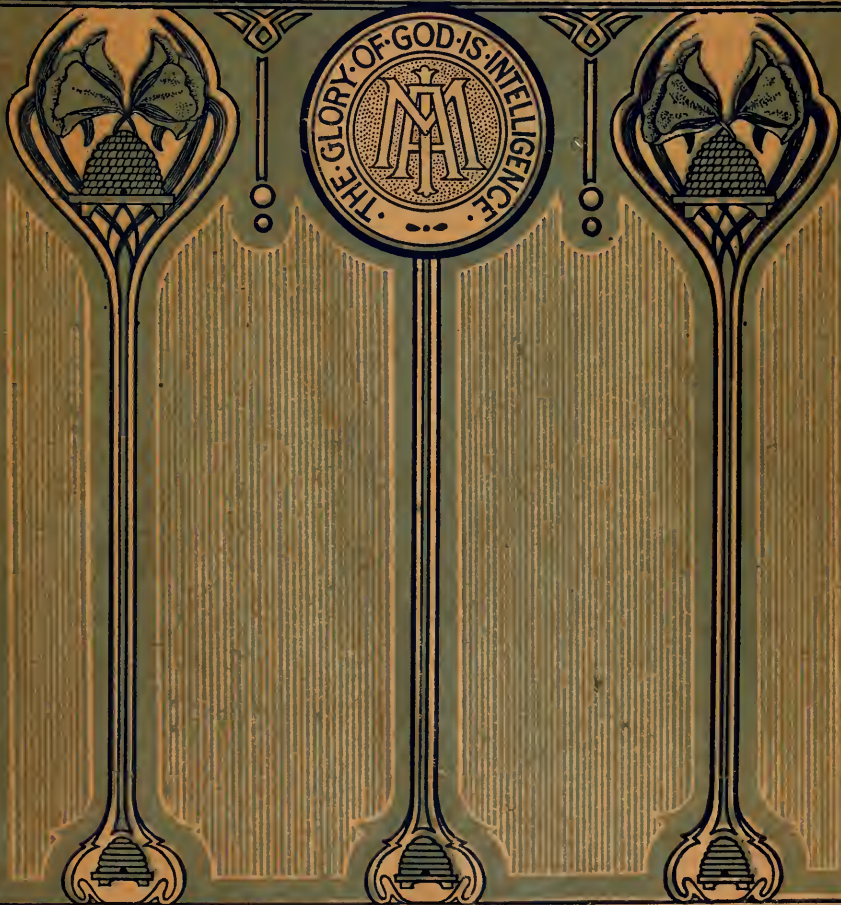


Improvement Era

Vol. XX

JULY, 1917

No. 9



Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations and the Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
Published Monthly by the General Board at Salt Lake City, Utah

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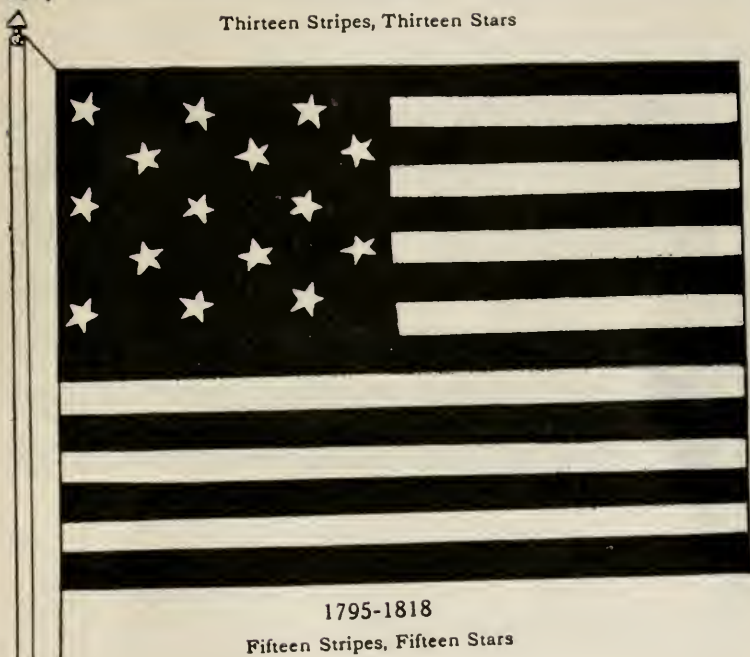
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6 Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah



1777-1795

Thirteen Stripes, Thirteen Stars



1795-1818

Fifteen Stripes, Fifteen Stars

The Flag

(Selected)

Stars of the early dawning set in a field of blue,
 Stripes of the sunrise splendor, crimson and white of hue;
 Flag of our fathers' fathers, born on the field of strife,
 Phoenix of fiery battle risen from human life,
 Given for God and freedom sacred indeed the trust
 Left by the countless thousands returned to the silent dust.



1818

Thirteen Stripes, Twenty Stars



July 4, 1912

Thirteen Stripes, Forty-eight Stars

Flag of a mighty nation, waving aloft unfurled,
Kissed by the sun of heaven, caressed by the winds o' the world;
Greater than kingly power, greater than all mankind,
Conceived in the need of the hour, inspired by the Master Mind.
Over the living children, over the laureled grave,
Streaming on high in the cloudless sky, banner our fathers gave.

Flag of a new-born era, token of every right
Wrung from a tyrant power, unawed by a tyrant's might;
Facing again the menace outflung from a foreign shore,
Meeting again the challenge as met in the years before;
Under thy spangled folds thy children await to give
All that they have or are that the flag they love shall live.

Port Huron, Mich.

—Charles G. Crellin.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XX

JULY, 1917

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The Stars and Stripes

By Levi Edgar Young, Professor of History, University of Utah

Our national flag was approved by an Act of the Second Continental Congress, June 14, 1777. In June of the previous year, General George Washington, Robert Morris, and Colonel George Ross went to the home of Betsy Ross in Philadelphia, and presented a drawing which General Washington had made, and requested her to make a flag according to the sketch. Mrs. Ross suggested some changes in the design, among which was that the stars be five pointed instead of six, as "the five-pointed star is an ancient symbol of authority and dominion, and later became a symbol in the Christian churches of the early centuries of our era." The flag was accordingly made, and after due examination by Congress, the following resolution was passed:

"Resolved, That the Flag of the United States be thirteen stripes alternate red and white, that the Union be thirteen stars white in a blue field representing a new constellation."

The first battle in which the Stars and Stripes were used was that of Fort Schuyler, in August, 1777. The colonial army was without an emblem, so one day, during the siege of the fort by the British forces, a flag was made from old clothing, and before sunset, it was flying over the bastions of the fort. A large number of flags were made as provided for by the resolution of Congress, and every division of the army was furnished with them. At Yorktown, when Cornwallis surrendered to General Washington, in October, 1781, the Stars and Stripes were conspicuous on every hand, and Washington received General Cornwallis under a large flag, which floated from a high pole. When the Constitutional Convention met, in September, 1787,

old Independence Hall was gayly decorated with the national emblem, and from every public house and private home in Philadelphia the flag was unfolded to the breeze, indicating the patriotism of the American people.

In 1794, Congress provided that the flag should have fifteen stripes and fifteen stars, as there were at that time fifteen states in the Union. This flag was used for twenty-three years when, in 1818, it was changed to thirteen stripes and twenty stars, the



Independence Hall, Philadelphia, Pa.

stars denoting the number of states at the time. From that year to the present, with the addition of a state to the Union, a star has been added to the canton.

National flags are the symbols of the ideals of the governments that they represent. The Roman legions had their emblems representing the imperial power of the Empire, and Constantine marched under banners denoting the military and political sway of the Roman government. During the first Crusade,

in 1095, Pope Urban II believed that the troops of each Christian nation should carry or wear crosses "emblematic of Christ and the character of the holy war in which they were then to be engaged." He accordingly assigned crosses to the several nations of the army, in order that all the soldiers might remain with the proper divisions. To the Spanish he gave a red; to the French, a white; to the Italians, a blue, and to the English, a yellow cross. We are told that in the later crusades, similar assignments were made. In fact, the Cross of St. George of Scotland was brought home from the continent to Edward of Scotland, and accepted as the emblem of England, and in 1606, the Union Jack was adopted which was the union of the Cross



Willow taken from Napoleon's Tomb at St. Helena, Mt. Vernon, Va.

of St. George and the white cross of St. Andrew, used by the Scotch. This flag was adopted by Act of Parliament in 1707.

During the colonial period of American history, a number of the colonies had flags. Massachusetts adopted the pine tree with the motto "An appeal to Heaven," Rhode Island had a flag in the centre of which was an anchor, and above it the word "Hope." Within the blue canton were thirteen stars, said to be the first flag on which the thirteen colonies were rep-

resented by thirteen stars. New York had an emblem showing a white beaver on a white field; and the Virginia flag had a coiled rattlesnake in the centre, underneath which were the words: "Don't tread on me." When General Washington left for Cambridge, Massachusetts, to take command of the American forces, he was escorted across New Jersey and New York by the First Troop of Light Horse, organized in Philadelphia. This company had a beautiful flag, in the centre of which was a knot tied with thirteen cords, and in the canton, thirteen horizontal stripes, alternating blue and silver. It was quite natural that with the outbreak of the Revolution, the colonists desired an emblem that would denote the union of colonies in their struggle with the mother country.

Our flag has experienced some very romantic episodes in its history. During the war of 1812-14, it floated over Fort Mifflin, which became the scene on the night of September 12, 1814, of a heavy bombardment by the British forces. At the time, Francis Scott Key was on a ship in Baltimore Harbor, where he watched with anxious feelings the firing by the enemy. All day long, the roar of cannon continued. Into the night the bombardment continued. Key retired very late, expecting that on the morrow, the American flag would have been replaced by the Union Jack. Early in the morning, he came out on deck, and saw the Stars and Stripes still floating over the fort. So stirred was he, that he took an old envelope from his pocket, and sitting upon a box, he wrote the poem which is the most popular of our national anthems. The American flag was first saluted by a foreign power, France, Feb. 14, 1778, when John Paul Jones anchored his flag-ship, the *Serapis*, in the harbor of Quiberon. From that day to this, the *flag* has come to be respected by every civilization, in the world. It stands for the highest ideals of liberty, freedom, and civic life, and is the sacred emblem of our United States, the Land of Promise.

One of the most significant events that has ever occurred in connection with our Flag was on April 29, of this year, when the war diplomats of France met the diplomats of England, at the tomb of Washington, and placed wreathes on the grave of the Father of our Country. With Secretary Lansing of the State Department, the representatives of England and France stood under the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack, and the Tricolor of France, and paid honor to the man who was the first President of this great Republic. It was all significant of the fact that the United States, England, and France will lead in the Federation of the World, when "the war-drum shall sound no longer."



The Tomb of Washington, Mt. Vernon, Va.

Here it was that, on April 29, 1917, the United States, Great Britain, and France, pledged themselves each to the other in the name of the dead, to prosecute the present mighty struggle against autocracy, on the lines Washington followed in bringing the United States into being. After a speech by the eloquent master of oratory, the ex-premier of France, M. Rene Viviani, Marshal Joffre, victor of the Marne and idol of the French people, spoke two brief and impressive sentences in veneration of the name and memory of Washington, after which he placed on the tomb the bronze palm from the French mission, the humblest and the highest mark of honor which the French nation can accord the dead. Arthur James Balfour, foreign secretary of Great Britain, then spoke, and read the following words prepared by the British mission for the wreath of lilies and oak leaves, tied with the colors of the three allied nations, which he then placed beside the bronze token of the French mission, on the stone coffin of the Father of our Country:

“Dedicated by the British mission to the immortal memory of George Washington, soldier, statesman, patriot, who would have rejoiced to see the country of which he was by birth a citizen, and the country which his genius called into existence, fighting side by side to save mankind from subjection to a military despotism.”

At the ceremony “there was neither music nor applause. Except for the brief words of the speakers, the eternal silence and peace of the place were not broken.”

The American Pioneer

By Hon. Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior

He landed at Plymouth Rock and with his dull-eyed oxen has made the long, long journey across our continent. His way has been hard, slow, momentous.

He made his path through soggy, sodden forests where the storms of a thousand years conspired to block his way.

He drank with delight of the brackish water where the wild beasts wallowed.

He trekked through the yielding, treacherous snows; forded swift-running waters; crept painfully through rocky gorges where Titans had been at play; clambered up mountain sides, the sport of avalanche and of slide; dared the limitless land without horizon; ground his teeth upon the bitter dust of the desert; fainted beneath the flail of the raw and ruthless sun; starved, thirsted, fought; was cast down but never broken; and he never turned back.

Here he stands at last beside this western sea, the incarnate soul of his insatiable race—the American pioneer.

Pity? He scorns it.

Glory? He does not ask it.

His sons and his daughters are scattered along the path he has come.

Each fence post tells where some one fell.

Each farm, brightening now with the first smile of Spring, was once a battlefield, where men and women fought the choking horrors of starvation and isolation.

His is this one glory—he found the way; his the adventure.

It is life that he felt, life that compelled him.

That strange, mysterious thing that lifted him out of the primeval muck and sent him climbing upward—that same strange thing has pressed him onward, held out new visions to his wondering eyes, and sung new songs into his welcoming ears.

And why?

In his long wandering he has had time to think.

He has talked with the stars, and they have taught him not to ask why.

He is here.

*From an address delivered at the opening of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, February 20, 1915.

He has seated himself upon the golden sand of this distant shore and has said to himself that it is time for him to gather his sons about him that they may talk; that they may tell tales of things done.

Here on this stretch of shore he has built the outermost camp fire of his race and has gathered his sons that they may tell each other of the progress they have made—utter man's prayers, things done for man.

His sons are they who have cut these continents in twain, who have slashed God's world as with a knife, who have gleefully made the rebellious seas to lift man's ship across the barrier mountains of Panama.

This thing the sons of the pioneer have done—it is their prayer, a thing done for man.

And here, too, these sons of the pioneer will tell of other things they do—how they fill the night with jewelled light conjured from the melting snows of the far off mountains: how they talk together across the world in their own voices; how they baffle the eagles in their flight through the air and make their way within the spectral gloom of the soundless sea; how they reach into the heavens and draw down food out of the air to replenish the wasted earth; how with the touch of a knife they convert the sinner and with the touch of a stone dissolve disease.

These things and more have they done in these latter days, these sons of the pioneer.

And in their honor he has fashioned this beautiful city of dreams come true.

In their honor has he hung the heavens with flowers and added new stars to the night.

In blue and gold, in scarlet and purple, in the green of the shallow sea and the burnt brown of the summer hillside, he has made the architecture of the centuries to march before their eyes in column, colonnade, and court.

We have but to anchor his quaint covered wagon to the soil and soon it rises transformed into the vane of some mighty cathedral.

For after all, Rome and Rheims, Salisbury and Seville are not far memories to the pioneers.

Here, too, in this city of the new nation the pioneer has called together all his neighbors that we may learn one of the other.

We are to live together side by side for all time.

The seas are but a highway between the doorways of the nations.

We are to know each other.

Perhaps strained nerves may sometimes fancy the gesture

of the pioneer to be abrupt, and his voice we know has been hardened by the winter winds.

But his neighbors will soon come to know that he has no hatred in his heart, for he is without fear; that he is without envy, for none can add to his wealth.

The long journey of this slight, modest figure that stands beside the oxen is at an end.

The waste places of the earth have been found.

But adventure is not to end.

Here in his house will be taught the gospel of an advancing democracy,—strong, valiant, confident, conquering—upborne and typified by the independent, venturesome spirit of that mystic materialist, the American pioneer.

He Looked Beyond

Seventy years have passed since Brigham's eyes surveyed thee, Zion.

A dry, forbidding land, enclosed in mounts of iron;

The Prophet then, methinks, saw Zion risen

As ancient seers beheld in glorious vision.

He looked beyond the rock-ribbed canyon waste,

The valleys, baked and beaten, sore defaced;

The wilderness of sand and sage and sea;

A land of savage tribes, blood-thirsty, free.

And, looking, saw the stagnant pools burst forth with water sweet;

The valleys filled with fields, with towns replete;

Orchards and vineyards teeming with their store,

And mountains yielding wealth in wood and ore.

And in the midst of all, the Prophet's gaze

Beheld a city rise from out the haze,

Stretching its virile limbs o'er vales and hills,

Throbbing with commerce in its marts and mills.

He saw the homes of saints from every nation,

Called by God's servants to a sure salvation.

But grander still, his keen, prophetic eyes

Beheld Jehovah's House rise to rejoicing skies;

And gathered Israel pouring through its gate,

To save their kin who helplessly await.

O Brigham, blessed wert thou above most seers of God,

Steadfast and faithful to the Iron Rod—

A Moses and a Joseph moulded into one,

A humble giant in the Kingdom of the Son,

You looked beyond the cheerless depths of night,

And, looking, saw afar the noon-day light.

Atlanta, Georgia

Frank C. Steele

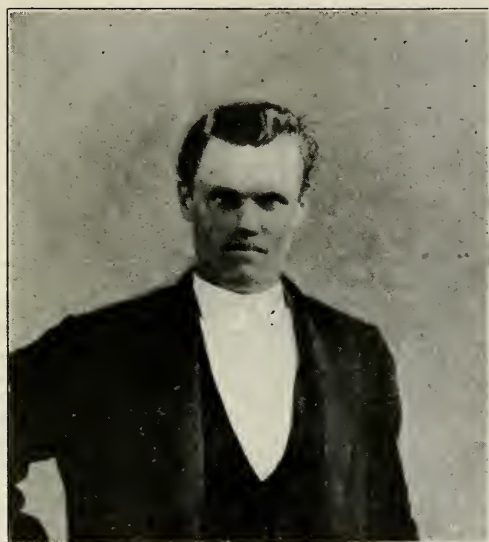
Utah, we Love Thee

By Edward H. Anderson

The Legislative Assembly of the State of Utah adopted early in February, 1917, Professor Evan Stephens' "Utah, We Love Thee," as the official song of the State of Utah. It is twenty-one years since Utah entered the Union of states, and this song was especially composed for the inaugural exercises in the

Salt Lake Tabernacle which signalized the admission of the state of Utah into the Union, January 6, 1896. At that time the author directed a chorus of one thousand voices, in the singing.

Professor Stephens met the writer of this note on the 10th of February, last, and on being questioned as to his health, he said he was particularly happy that day, as he was just on his way to the capitol to witness the proceedings and hear the adoption of his "Utah, We Love Thee" as the official song of



Evan Stephens in his younger days

the state. He said that the idea of this song came to him as far back as 1893 when, it will be remembered, the Tabernacle choir was on its way to the Worlds' Fair, in Chicago. It then dawned on him that Utah had no song of her own, nor even one that could be sung in her favor at the exposition. On his return he began the composition of the words and music which were adopted by the late legislature as Utah's official hymn.

After the state inaugural exercises, held in the Tabernacle, at which many thousands of people heard the composition, it became popular in all public audiences, and was sung not only in the public schools, Sunday schools, and other

gatherings of the children of the state, but in many private homes and organizations. Professor Stephens thinks it particularly significant that his song should have had the additional honor which it received, practically at the time of attaining its majority—twenty-one years since it was first sung. Both the Ogden and Salt Lake Tabernacle choirs, on their various trips east and west to a number of National expositions, have sung the new state anthem; and when the silver service, donated by the state, to the United States battleship *Utah*, was presented in New York harbor, in the presence of nearly two thousand people from this state besides many national officials, it was also sung by the latter choir, this time on the deck of the battleship. For that occasion the author had written two special stanzas as follows:

Queen of the ocean wave,
Utah, we love thee.
 Mann'd by the true and brave,
Utah, we love thee.
 Unconquer'd may'st thou ride
 Long o'er the restless tide,
 Our country's joy and pride,
Utah, we love thee.

Guard well the land we love,
Utah, we love thee.
 A friend to freedom prove,
Utah, we love thee.
 Our nation's fame increase,
 Bid all oppression cease,
 Aid universal peace,
Utah, we love thee.

The text of the resolution adopted by the legislature as it appeared in the press at the time is as follows:

"Whereas, it is fitting and proper that a state should select and officially recognize an appropriate state song; and

"Whereas, the people of Utah are especially favored with patriotic songs which have been produced by both the native and adopted sons and daughters of the state; and

"Whereas, it is universally recognized that the song, by Evan Stephens, entitled, "*Utah, we Love Thee*" possesses the supreme merits of a peoples' song; and

"Whereas, its author and composer is the most venerated and distinguished of Utah's splendid array of poet-musicians; and

"Whereas, this song has historical significance in that it was composed especially for the festival held on the 6th day of January, 1896, in celebration of the admission of Utah into the Union, on which occasion it was sung by a chorus of one thousand children under the direction of its author and composer; and

"Whereas, the author has graciously consented to dedicate this song to the people of this commonwealth as an evidence of his affection and

patriotism towards the state of his adoption and life-long residence and activities;

"Now, therefore, it is hereby resolved that the song, 'Utah we Love Thee,' is hereby recognized and designated as the official state song of the State of Utah, and that the gratitude of the State of Utah is hereby expressed to Prof. Evan Stephens for his praiseworthy production and generous gift.

"It is further resolved that this resolution and the text of the song be entered in the Senate Journal."

Then the song was sung by a quartet composed of James Moncar, Hyrum J. Christensen, David Burt and Walter Lamoreaux.

Senator Frank Evans, representing Salt Lake county, addressed the senate in support of the resolution in the following words:

"The late Orlando W. Powers, in describing the song, 'Utah, We Love Thee,' said: 'Its text is music, its music breathes the text. So perfectly wedded are the two that neither could be mated to another poem or another music, nor be made to say any other thing than, 'Utah, We Love Thee!'

"The combination of occasion and genius produced this song—the occasion, the great festival held in the Salt Lake tabernacle on the 6th day of January, 1896, immediately following the proclamation of the president of the United States by which Utah was admitted into the Union—the genius, Evan Stephens who, as poet-musician, stands as Utah's most illustrious son.

"The occasion marked the culmination of long years of effort upon the part of Utah's leading men and women—of sacrifice, contention, bitter strife and suffering upon the part of her people. For Utah more than for any other state in the Union, admission to statehood marked the dawn of a new and better day.

"The spirit and significance of the occasion found their best expression in his song. He was a man then of mature years, having grown with the state, personally experiencing the development of its history, enjoying the acquaintance of all its leading citizens, and coming in direct contact with all classes of its people, old and young, cheering and inspiring them with his anthems and his poetry—this man of all others could sense and feel the full significance of the recognition by the United States of America of his beloved state and her people.

"What more could be felt, or what less, than that which he has expressed by the words and by the music of this song? What more or what less could by any genius have been expressed? 'It has all the points of supreme merit for a people's song—the fire of enthusiastic inspiration, brevity and directness of text and music, dignity without pretentiousness.'

"This song has been sung in every hamlet in this commonwealth. First heard upon Utah's natal day, when rendered by one thousand school children under the direction of its author and composer, it has from that time to this been sung by hundreds of thousands. It has been carried to the east and to the west by our great choirs. It was sung on the battleship *Utah*, at its christening, and the marine band of this great man-of-war has taken it to many foreign lands.

"No act of ours can either add to or detract from the merits of this composition. It has established its own place and its author has done likewise. We as representatives of the state are no doubt tardy in our recognition, but I am sure it is none the less earnest—none the less sincere."

Utah, we Love Thee

(State Song of Utah, Adopted by the Legislature, February 10, 1917.)

Arranged for Junior Boys

By Evan Stephens

1. Land of the mountains high, U - tah, we love thee;
2. Co - lum-bia's bright-est star, U - tah, we love thee;
3. Land of the Pi - o - neers, U - tah, we love thee;

Land of the sun - ny sky, U - tah, we love thee;
Thy lus - tre shines a - far, U - tah, we love thee;
Grow with the com - ing years, U - tah, we love thee;

Far in the glo - rious west, Throned on the moun-tain's crest,
Bright in our ban - ner's blue, A - mong her sis - ters true,
With wealth and peace in store, To fame and glo - ry soar,

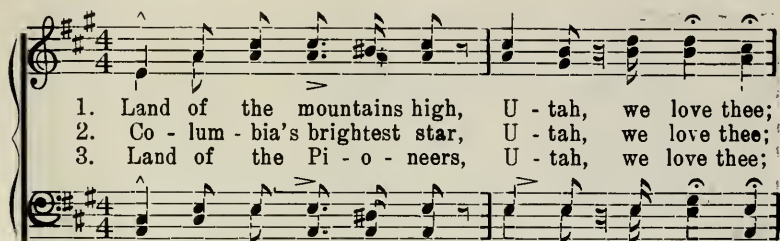
Rit.

In robes of state-hood dress'd, U - tah, we love thee.
She proud - ly comes to view, U - tah, we love thee.
God-guard-ed ev - er - more, U - tah, we love thee.

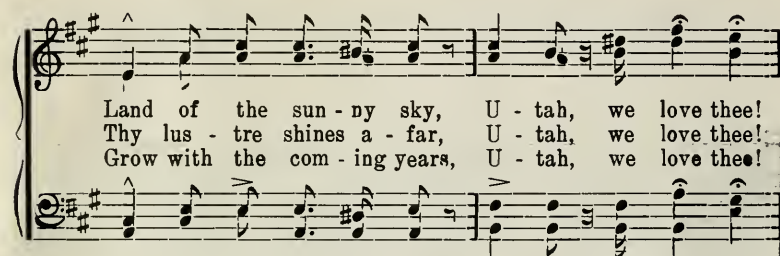
Utah, we Love Thee

Arranged for Senior Boys

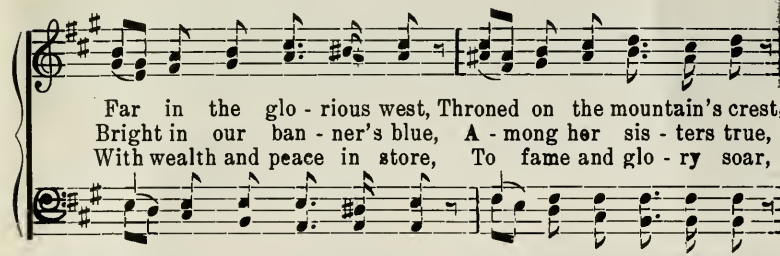
By Evan Stephens



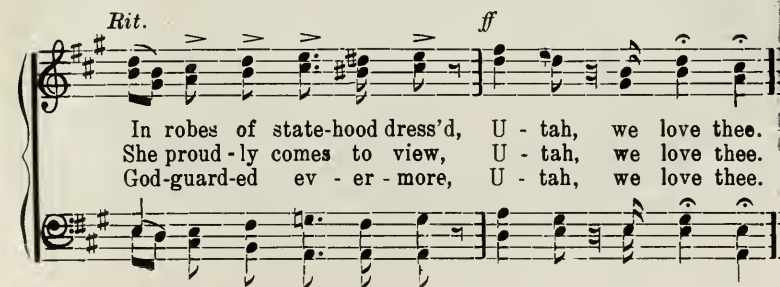
1. Land of the mountains high, U - tah, we love thee;
2. Co - lum - bia's brightest star, U - tah, we love thee;
3. Land of the Pi - o - neers, U - tah, we love thee;



Land of the sun - ny sky, U - tah, we love thee!
Thy lus - tre shines a - far, U - tah, we love thee!
Grow with the com - ing years, U - tah, we love thee!



Far in the glo - rious west, Throned on the mountain's crest,
Bright in our ban - ner's blue, A - mong her sis - ters true,
With wealth and peace in store, To fame and glo - ry soar,

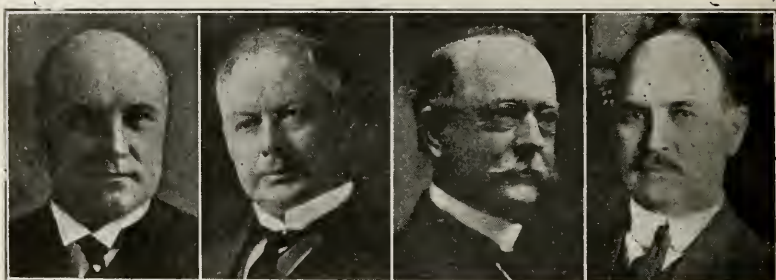


Rit. *ff*
In robes of state-hood dress'd, U - tah, we love thee.
She proud - ly comes to view, U - tah, we love thee.
God-guard-ed ev - er - more, U - tah, we love thee.

Leaders at the Front in Washington



Left to right: Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States; Thomas Riley Marshall, Vice-President of the United States; William Bauchop Wilson, Secretary of Labor; Thomas Watt Gregory, Attorney-General.



Left to right: Franklin Knight Lane, Secretary of the Interior; Albert Sidney Burleson, Postmaster-General; William C. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce; David Franklin Houston, Secretary of Agriculture.



Left to right: Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy; Robert Lansing, Secretary of State; William Gibbs McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury; Newton Diehl Baker, Secretary of War.

A Plea for the Prohibition of Cigarettes

By Wesley Ward

Peoples of all nations at all times have had their standards and ideals. Sometimes these have been beauty, physical strength, business efficiency, or morality. At the time when Greece was in the height of her glory, the ideal of every Greek was to keep his body and mind in a condition that would be for the uplift of his race. Through lowering this standard the Greeks met ruination, as did also the followers of Epicurus in their belief of "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

Today, while we are professing the highest standards of morals and ethics, we are in many respects following in the very footsteps of Epicurus. A flagrant example of this is found in cigarette smoking.

We Americans hold forth an ideal of physical and mental perfection, yet, either through lack of will power or understanding, we are indulging not only in the use of liquor but also in that body- and soul-destroying agent, the cigarette.

When tobacco was first introduced into Europe by Sir Walter Raleigh, its use spread throughout Christendom far more rapidly than did any of the teachings of Christ; and, although its use is not as old as that of liquor, it is now recognized as a social evil. Men have long agreed that liquor is a social evil and yet their high ideals of society have not given them the power to abandon its use. Today we are confronted by a similar problem in the form of the cigarette.

At one time four hundred twelve American boys wished to enter the naval school at Annapolis. They were examined by an officer at Peoria, Illinois, and out of the number who applied for admittance, only fourteen were accepted. The question will naturally arise, "Why were so many of these boys turned away?" and an answer is readily found in the fact that a large majority of them possessed what is commonly known as "tobacco heart."

From one of our noted authors I take the following:

"'I am not much of a mathematician,' said the cigarette, 'but I can add to a man's nervous trouble, divide his mental efficiency, multiply his aches and pains, and discount his chances.'"

In one of our popular magazines we find:

"Nature has ordained that the body keep automatic record of all it does; she lets offenders go their way, lets them run the length of their

rope and find their limitations; but their mockery never goes unpunished for when the day of reckoning with nature comes, and it always does sooner or later, they find themselves face to face with a stern accountant who exacts full punishment for every violation of her laws."

Clergymen, scientists, doctors and educators are unanimously agreed in the belief that every cigarette consumed is the enemy of man.

Cigarette smoking is sapping the mental and moral stamina from America's young men and gnawing at the very vitals of their physical well being. Now the great question which confronts us is, "How shall we remedy this evil?"

Religion, ideals, education, anti-cigarette leagues, etc., have all proved inadequate. We have been preaching against the use of cigarettes for years, we have been demonstrating their harmful effects, and yet nearly fifteen billion cigarettes are consumed by American smokers every year. Thus we are forced to find another method for their abolition. The only alternative, it seems to me, is in their eradication by law.

Compulsory prohibition of cigarettes would have a great moral effect upon the public in general. Ninety per cent of all our smokers begin the habit when mere boys; and since the cigarette is the cheapest form of tobacco smoking, it is almost universally used. If we are to agree with the most eminent authorities on this subject, by their prohibition we would have fewer criminals to deal with, fewer inmates in our insane asylums, and the lives of fewer American boys would be ruined. Through their prohibition our people would attain better sanitary conditions, enjoy better health, and in all become a stronger nation; for, as the noted William Gladstone once said, "In the health of the people lies the strength of the nation." Since this is true, it is only right and just that some of the privileges of those who smoke should be sacrificed not only for their own good, but for the future welfare of their country.

Since the use of cigarettes tends to destroy the body, impair the mind and the soul, leads to insanity, and destroys vitality, and since the temptation of cigarette smoking seems to be too great to be overcome by the mere moral force of the person, it necessarily follows that the only course left to insure the future health and strength not only of the individual but also of the nation, is through the prohibition by law of cigarette smoking.

Mary Magdalene

(Written for and at the request of the Newspaper Enterprise Association, San Francisco)

By Elder James E. Talmage of the Council of the Twelve

There is but a step between fanciful tradition and false history. A cleverly coined lie circulates readily, and soon comes to be accepted at its face inscription as a sterling medal struck in the mint of truth. This applies both to events and persons of historic prominence.

Consider the case of a certain woman, whose reputation has been increasingly blackened through the centuries, and that by professed teachers and preachers of the Christ, without a vestige of justifying fact.

Mary Magdalene was one of our Lord's adoring followers during His ministry in the flesh; and she stands forever distinguished among women and preeminent amidst humankind in being the first mortal to look upon the face of the Risen Lord, and to hear the voice of a Resurrected Soul.



Dr. James E. Talmage

Yet we are told that Mary of Magdala, for such is the accepted signification of her surname, was a reformed courtesan; and her privileged association with the Lord Jesus has been made much of in text and homily to show that a sinner, even such as she is said to have been, could be pardoned and received into special and particular companionship with the Son of God.

That man cannot measure the bounds of Divine mercy and forgiveness is granted without discussion. But that the Scriptures warrant the foul aspersions cast upon the character of Mary Magdalene is unreservedly denied. She is a victim of misrepresentation, and stands as one of the most pitilessly maligned women of history.

To our shame be it said that her name has been made common as the appellation of women who sin as only women can,

and who later profess penitence. Look in your dictionaries; **what** find you there under "Magdalene?" This: "A reformed prostitute; a repentant harlot". Even our adjective "maudlin" is a corrupted spelling of Magdalen or Magdalene, and has reference to the tearful state in which conventional art has represented the figure of this blessed and highly favored woman.

A partial explanation of such gross villification of a noble woman's character—one cannot reasonably speak of an excuse therefor—is found in the unsupported assumption that Mary Magdalene was that once sinful but thoroughly repentant woman who entered the house of Simon the Pharisee, while Jesus was a guest at table there, and who in her contrite grief let her upwelling tears fall upon the Master's feet, which she then dried with her untressed hair, and anointed with ointment from an alabaster box.

That woman, whose repentance drew forth from the Teacher one of His most incisive lessons, and who heard from the lips of the Lord the benign assurance "Thy sins are forgiven" and "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace", is not named in the narrative (Luke 7:36-50). She is nowhere else referred to with identifying certainty in the Gospel pages. To assume that she and Mary Magdalene are one is to substitute fancy for recorded fact.

Equally unwarranted is the inference that the woman last referred to, she who anointed the feet of Christ in the house of Simon the Pharisee in Galilee, was Mary the sister of Lazarus who, shortly before our Lord's betrayal, anointed with costly spikenard His head and feet in the house of Simon the leper, at Bethany in Judea (John 12:1-8). The two anointings are distinct in circumstance of time and place.

The effect of these gratuitous assumptions persists in spite of disavowals by able commentators and discriminating scholars. Unfortunately the chapter captions of our English Bible, as also marginal references and appendices to the Holy Scriptures, class Mary Magdalene and the woman "which was a sinner" as the same person; but this is an error based on the mistaken opinions of men, and is in no sense scriptural. The confused identity of Mary Magdalene and that other woman has been perpetuated by tradition in the Western or Roman Church, particularly since the fifth century, though it is discountenanced by the Greek Church of the East.

The first mention of Mary Magdalene by name presents her in association with other honorable women, among whom was the wife of the royal steward. They accompanied Jesus and the Twelve and "ministered unto Him of their substance". (Luke 8:1-3).

These women of station were beneficiaries of the Lord's heal-

ing power, for each of them had been cured of infirmities, and specifically had been relieved of the combined physical and mental ailments incident to possession by evil spirits. Mary Magdalene, as we read, had been delivered from the affliction of seven devils; but the fact of even such grievous plague is without warrant for the imputation of unchastity.

Mary Magdalene became one of the closest friends Christ had among women. Her devotion to Him as her Healer, and the One whom she adored as the Messiah, was as deep, as genuine, and as pure as her own soul. She stood by the cross while other women looked on from afar in the hour of His mortal agony. She was among the earliest at the tomb in the resurrection dawn. She conversed with angels, and was the first mortal to behold the resurrected Savior—the Lord whom she had loved with all the fervor of spiritual adoration. To say that this woman was once a fallen creature, her soul seared with the heat of unhalloed lust, is to perpetuate an infamy.

To My Mother's Mothers

(Inspired by Elder Stephen L. Richards' talk on Mother's Day, St. Joseph City, May 15, 1917.)

I know that you had all life's greatest gifts:

Love, motherhood and youth.

I feel that death could only bring you all

A fuller sense of truth.

I see the glory in your heaven-lit eyes

When children crowd my knee,

And know that love's fulfilment came to you

In motherhood for me.

My daughter's happy, willing motherhood

Revealed her debt anew—

Whose thread of life was woven firm and close

In shuttled web through you.

And her dear daughter now but waits to prove

Just debtor to that other

Who bore thy child, and child's dear ancient child—

My honored earliest mother.

Thus linked, we mothers, bravely, nobly, use

That ladder in earth's sod

Whose springing rounds rise upward, one by one,

To Eve, to heaven, and God.

Susa Young Gates.

Columbus

He heard the Voices—they whose whispers stir
The aimless ages to direction, gird
New globes with purpose; set a winged spur
To progress, and with breathless, regnant word
Startle a million signals to be heard
Forever through Life's vain, inconstant whir.

In his unfriended vigils, when the sprays
Of unknown seas beat at the groping prow
Of restless caravel, through leaden days
Of doubt and mutiny, his sentient brow
Caught palm-spiced airs—and the insistent vow
Of his still Voices, through the uncharted ways.

So in his darker moments, when the chains
Of ingrates held him helpless, and there grew
The empty days, set thick with hopeless pains—
Haply across his jaded spirit flew
A wind from out the dim, uncharted blue
Laden with scent of waiting, flower-grown lanes.

And from their haven he has seen the land
His frail bark sighted, through the centuries grow
From trackless plain and forest, printless sand,
To cities, nations, harbors, where the flow
Of countless peoples, seeking to and fro,
Find refuge from Oppression's girded hand.

A peerless recompense—that guerdon, won
So sorely in a hard and sightless hour;
The gathered lusters of Time's orbit run
To swell the priceless light that is its dower,
The fires of liberty—Columbia's power—
Rise endless and insistent as the sun.

And still shall rise, unhindered by the smoke
Of alien pyres, heaped high with human rights,
No murk of old-world tyranny shall choke
That mounting flame whose stainless signal lights
The way of nations up to unseen heights—
Nor its high mission to the world revoke!

Josephine Spencer

Wanted: an Ideal

By O. R. Card

Wanted—An Ideal Boy! One who is obedient. Not the sullen obedience that slams a door when asked to close it, but the kind that says, "Sure, I'll go fishin' with you fellers, as soon as I get my work done." And, "Is there anything else, mother, before I go?" One who is polite to all, "youth" as well as "age." One who is so full of "ginger" and joy that he can jump the back fence with a yell, and throw his heart and soul into a game of baseball; who can pick up a stinging grounder with a smile, knock a home run without getting conceited, and take the umpire's decision without a growl. One who can play the game fair, be a sport, a scout, in a word, a gentleman.

Wanted—An Ideal Girl! The type of "American Princess" who reigns supreme in the kitchen as well as in the ball room. Who can smile that same sweet smile over the dish pan or bread pan that she smiles over her fan or over the punch bowl. One whose biscuits are as palatable as her fudge, whose charm is not lost in a bungalow apron, whose disposition is not soured by housework. One whose loveliness is not cheapened by tawdry adornment, whose good taste bespeaks her good breeding. And, when that time comes, one whose right to the queenship of "A home of her own" is unquestioned.

Wanted—An Ideal Man! To be merely the male type of the human species is not enough. Wanted, a man who can cuddle a babe. One who can tend a baby without looking or feeling like a martyr of ancient Rome, who can romp with children and of whom children are unafraid, who can play with "youth" and yet maintain proper dignity. One who is as gallant to his wife as he is to young ladies, to whom the charm of motherhood is a never-ending source of love and inspiration. A man who realizes that his wife is still his sweetheart, and delights in it, and ever remembers her favorite flowers on her birthday; who is willing to plan for home comforts, home making, and to whom home is heaven. A man who can talk to a child or a sage with an open heart, who draws no line between business and religion.

Wanted—An Ideal Woman! How can I ask, when the women of Israel are so nearly ideal? It would be asking more than we would or could give in return. It is only in the light of Christ's admonition, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," that I dare ask. But after

all, is not true womanhood a great deal? Has she not inspired the great number of man's attainments?

What wouldn't a boy do to gain favor with the girls, from standing on his head to fighting the meanest boy in town. Doesn't he long for a return of the days when knights were bold and fair ladies were rescued from dragons? And is there anything that will cause a young man to fight quicker than to see a lady of any age insulted? Is there anything more apt to put murder into a man's heart than to see a woman wronged? As an earthly agent, then, to inspire goodness and valor in man, there is none greater than woman. *Wanted*, then, a woman who will use her charms, her talents, and her loveliness to inspire men to greatness, to inspire them to ideals befitting their estate. After all, we are what our ideals make us.

Wanted—An Ideal Nation! One whose citizens breathe loyalty from every fibre of their beings. Whose citizens are ready and willing to give their lives for their country, if needs be, but who are not only willing to die, but are willing to and will live for their country. Willing to uphold that great ideal, "*One Nation, Indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for All!*"

Wanted—An Ideal World! A world that we have helped to make ideal. A world we have helped to beautify. A world purified from corruption, a world open to truth, and one in which we will be proud to greet our Lord. God speed the time when we shall have our ideal realized.

Do not think that because I am citing these ideals that I see no good in my fellow men. On the contrary, it is because I see the happy state of those who have these ideals that I am prompted to raise my voice in favor of a motive that will impel the people of this world to prepare for the coming of the Lord. That motive we have in the gospel of Christ. And in him we have the *great ideal*. His life, as a boy, is our Ideal Boy. His life, as man, is our Ideal Man. In his last mortal hours, with a world of care on his heart, he sought the welfare of his mother, he is our Ideal Son.

As America is the melting pot of the nations, where patriotism brushes aside the cobwebs of national distinction in the common cause of humanity, so let "Mormonism" be the melting pot of the world, where the tangled nets of Satan are brushed aside to usher in the World Ideal, the Great Millennium.

A Missionary's Last Letter

By Elder Albert L. Wilkes

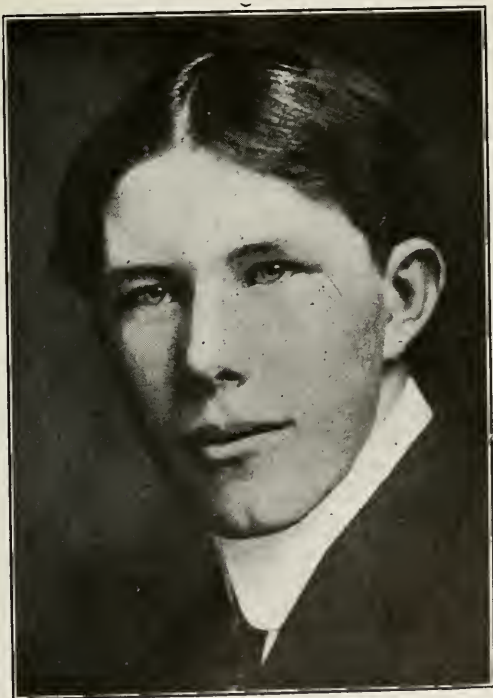
[The author was a missionary in the Hawaiian Islands where he was laboring at the time of his death, August 28, 1915. He is the son of Albert and Josephine Simmons Wilkes, and was born in Salt Lake City, May 14, 1894. His father is a well-known photographer of Salt Lake City. He left for the Sandwich Islands on May 8, 1913, quickly mastered the language, and showed great zeal and energy in his work, being appointed to various positions of trust and responsibility. He was the president of the Wakiki branch at the time of his death. These were the last words that he wrote to his family before he died. His letter is dated, Honolulu, August 16, 1915, and is almost prophetic of his passing to the better world. It was especially written to his younger brother Joseph, and contains excellent counsels to him on religion and ethics which we are pleased to have the privilege of reproducing in the *Improvement Era*. The letter is of special interest to every young man who has an elder brother.—Editors.]

My Dear Brother:

I suppose it has been two weeks since I received my last letter from you, though really I have forgotten. At any rate, I owe you a few lines, and I suppose I would best write now, as the boat leaves tomorrow, and no more leaving, after it, for a week.

I was overjoyed to hear that you had given up going away, and had decided to stay at home and help father, for he needs your help, and you need his and your mother's.

My address has not changed since I wrote you last, neither has my attitude toward the work of the



Albert L. Wilkes

Lord. That work I have tried mighty hard to keep going, for I know to what extent I have been benefited.

In speaking of addresses changing, reminds me of a Primary meeting which we had a short time ago, in which the question came up: "Have we any way of determining what our address in the next world will be?" And we came to the conclusion that we had, indeed. It is true that whatever we do in this life, whether good or otherwise, will determine, and we might even say write, our address in the next world. There doubtless will be some whose address will be in the best part of town, and their homes will be mansions; and they will not necessarily be those who live in mansions now, but will, more than likely, be those who live in humble dwellings here, for the proud and the haughty shall be humbled, and the humble, exalted, "the last shall be first and the first shall be last." There will be those whose address will be the celestial kingdom, yet others, the terrestrial, and also the telestial; for the Lord said, "In my Father's kingdom there are many mansions."

Paul taught that we write our address every day of our lives; and often times it changes in a day, either for better or for worse. If for better, all right; if not *poena nayoli*, as the Hawaiians say, and it is not hard to guess what that means. The interpretation, Joseph, is plain, it simply means: live every day so that you can look the world in the face, without reproach; so that you can look every human being in the face and say, "I owe you nothing but love." Love is a debt which we never can pay, as Paul says, "Owe no man anything, except it be to love him; for love is the fulfilling of the law." It means, shun the very appearance of evil, and do only that which you know is right and meet in the sight of your Father in heaven; then you are writing an address in the celestial kingdom of your God. Live every day as if it were your last, for we never know when we will be taken. Remember, Howard, Louisa, Uncle Heber, and Alibo; who knows whose turn is next?

Now, Joseph, you can have a good time without doing wrong; in fact you can't have a good time if you do wrong. And remember, "birds of a feather flock together," and a man is known by the company he keeps. Keep away from companions you know are bad; you will meet them wherever you go. You will know them by their fruits, and, "Do men gather figs of thistles?" We all know the answer, and we all know right from wrong; our Father meant that we should. Joseph, again I say, give attention to your duties in the priesthood and in the ward; don't let anything interfere to keep you from doing what you know to be right. In other words, as a strong exhortation, "dare to be right, dare to be true."

I am well, and send *Aloha* to all of you. Write me again soon, and tell me how you feel toward the work of the Lord. There is a song that asks, "Shall the youth of Zion falter?" and the answer is, "No." Joseph, the youth of Zion will, at no distant date, be God's servants in helping to guide the greatest organization under the heavens; and they have got to prepare now, to do it tomorrow will be too late. The Lord bless you, my brother.

With much love,

(Signed)

Lester.

Back to the Farm

(Selected)

"Back to the farm," said the city man, as he sat in his office drear,
 "Back where the purple violets bloom in the springtime of the year,
 Where sweeter than perfumes of the East, sweeter than musk and myrrh,
 Comes the spicy scent of the sassafras, of the spruce and pine and fir."
 He closed his eyes in ecstasy, and he let his fancy roam;
 "Back to the farm—the dear old farm—back to my boyhood home!
 Where the days are dreamy and long and sweet, and the nights are cool
 and still,
 And over the field at twilight comes the call of a whippoorwill.

"The roses twine 'round the rustic gate, and clamber over the wall,
 And the ground is white with a summer snow when their perfumed petals
 fall.

In an apple tree in the orchard old, a bluebird makes her nest,
 And her baby birds are lulled to sleep by the breezes from the West.
 Away—away from these crowded streets—away from the haunts of men!
 Back to the farm—the dear old farm—to my boyhood home again!
 My heart still yearns for those gardens quaint—for the deep and placid
 pool—

For the silv'ry brook, green-banked with moss, in the forest dark and cool!"

So he hied him back, did the city man, back to the dear old farm,
 To walk in the paths of peace profound, in the Land of Lingering Charm.
 The roses nodded a welcome home, and the bluebird sang with joy,
 And his mother wept in happiness on the shoulders of her boy,
 Oh, sweet was the song of the thrush at dawn, ere the sun peeped over the
 hills,

And sweet was the sky, undimmed with smoke from factories and mills;
 Sweet was the breeze from the fragrant pines, and sweet was the clover
 bloom,
 And sweet was the call of the glad Bob White, in the evening calm and
 gloom.

They filled his soul with a wondrous joy, increasing day by day;
 His cold eyes learned to smile again, and his set lips learned to pray.
 And harshness dropped, like a mask uncouth, from the heart that men had
 known

In his city days and city ways to be hard as flinty stone.
 He lost his greed for the world's bright gold, and the Thing that is called
 Success;

But he found, instead, that coveted possession, Happiness.
 And far from the strife of city life, on the little, old-fashioned farm,
 He walks in the paths of peace profound, in the Land of Lingering Charm.

—*Lydia M. Dunham O'Neil.*

Pioneer Experiences Confirming Answer to Prayer

By Hyrum P. Folsom

In July, 1860, my father and family left Council Bluffs and joined the pioneer train from Salt Lake City to the Missouri river, which returned the same year. Joseph W. Young, Captain; Wm. W. Riter, Joseph Weiley, Ansel Harmon, James Malin, guards of the train, which contained over sixty wagons. Our family joined them at Florence. The following night our two cows strayed from the camp, and in the morning I got on a pony and started out to find them. When about a mile from the camp I came to the brow of the hill that led to the Missouri Bottoms, and on a mound I knelt down and prayed that I might be directed to where the cows had strayed. Looking off on the Bottoms, I saw a farm house at the edge of the timber and close to the Missouri river, probably two miles away. I was very strongly impressed to go to that house and did so, and inquired of the party living there, if he had seen my cows, and described them to him. He said he had not, but I was impressed that he was not telling the truth. However, I started through the timber and rode two or three miles through it where I could not see out, and finally came out at the same house. I saw some cattle down the open plains in the river bottoms and during the day I traveled some twenty miles. Two or three times I went into the woods, and when I got into the woods I would follow a trail, wandering around probably a mile or two, and invariably I would come out where this house was.

Each day when I left camp, I would kneel down on the mound and pray that I would be directed to where the cows were. For five successive days, I repeated my travels from twenty to twenty-five miles and each time passed through about the same experience, enquiring each day of this man at the same farm house, if he had seen my cows. He always said no. The next day about 7:30 in the evening, I was again traveling through the woods and again came out at this farm house. After I came into the open, my two cows came out of the opening on the opposite side and stood and looked at me for a minute, and then walked on towards this house and started to go into the yard. I headed them off, and drove them off to camp.

This man beyond a doubt had been milking these cows night and morning, for they showed that they had been properly attended to from day to day. It was a great source of satisfaction, not only to our family but to the general camp, to see me drive these cows into camp, for the next morning the train started for Utah.

At the time we lost the cows one of our oxen strayed from the camp. I had only seen this ox two different times. The next day the train started for Salt Lake City and camped about eight miles from Florence, on the Papio. I left the camp in the morning to find this ox. When I arrived at this hill I knelt down and prayed and I was impressed to go North, up the River from where I had been going, and I again traveled all day without hearing or finding out anything about this ox. About dusk I concluded I would take a route leading through Florence, where I bought some crackers and cheese. The moon was shining brightly, and by taking this round-about way, which I was very peculiarly impressed to do, it would be some three miles farther to reach the camp. I traveled up by the farm houses around Florence. Each house that I would come to, I would look among the cattle to see if I could discover my ox. Finally a farm house which was probably a hundred yards from the road impressed me, and in looking around among the cattle that were lying down resting for the night, I discovered an ox that I thought looked very much like the one I was hunting. I tied my pony to the fence and went and kicked the ox, and he got on his feet. I said, "There is my ox." I tied a rope around its horns, tied the other end to the saddle, and started to the camp, eight miles away. The ox came along nicely for about three miles, when it laid down in the road. I got off my pony and kicked it, and got it on its feet. After a mile or so, it again lay down, and after two or three repetitions I started the pony and went behind and drove it. I arrived at camp as it was coming day light, and not only my parents but the whole camp were surprised and glad to see me with the ox.

I have never at any time of my life doubted but what the impressions I had given me were in answer to my prayers. On some occasions since, when faith has been inclined to be weak, these instances have made my faith strong.

The United States and Great Britain

A Speech Delivered in the Senate Chamber of the United States

By the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs

The distinguished speaker was introduced by the Vice President, who said:

Senators, for more than a century and a quarter the one great reason for the existence of this body has been to preserve the equality of all men before the law. A few days since we had the pleasure of greeting the representatives of that people whose shibboleth is "fraternity." Today we honor, and in turn are ourselves honored, by receiving the representatives of that people whose forbears centuries ago, in an age of almost universal absolutism, compelled their King, anointed though he was with the holy oil of consecration, to give to them the Great Charter of human liberty. It were mere prophecy to say that without that Great Charter the Republic either of France or of America would be or have a hope of being.

May I express the hope that at the end of this most horrible warfare, when the representatives of liberty, fraternity, and equality shall take their seats at the council table of the nations, they will not arise therefrom until they shall, so far as human ingenuity can do so, guarantee to every people the right to be free from the fear of assault from without or oppression from within [applause] until they shall write this legend in the firmament, above the sun rising for a newer and, if not a better, at least a safer, civilization, "I shine only for the wise; they are not wise who are not just"? In the words of one woman lawyer, for whom I have profound respect, the wise Portia, to Antonio, Bassanio's best friend:

"Sir, you are very welcome to our house;
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy."

I have the honor and the great pleasure of presenting to you the foremost champion of Magna Charta, the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, British secretary of state for foreign affairs. [Applause.]

Address of Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour

Mr. President and gentlemen of the Senate: You, Mr. President, have in graceful and pregnant sentences brought to our recollection the common origin of those liberties which, whether in France, in Britain, or in the United States of America, we all rejoice in and are all determined to defend. [Applause.] You have also in warm words of welcome spoken kindly of the mission of which I have the honor to be the head and to which you are now paying the rare, the very rare, honor of welcoming within your walls. Gentlemen, on their behalf not less than on my own I most sincerely thank you for your

welcome. I know well that it is not a welcome to individuals. The kindness which each one of us as individuals has received since we came to this great city will never be forgotten by any one of us. It has been kindness, abundant, overflowing, generous, unlimited; but, gentlemen, behind that kindness paid by individuals to individuals, behind the expression of a hospitable and generous feeling to guests within your gates, there is, after all, something much deeper, something much more important, something which is, after all, the animating spirit which brings this great assembly here today.

The original object of our mission, if I may so express it, was mainly a purely business one. We came here to discuss matters of the deepest moment for the conduct of that great war in which both our nations are involved. We came here to explain to your leaders and statesmen what were the needs from which the allies mainly suffered, and to lay freely at the disposal of those responsible for the conduct of your affairs the results of our own experience, the consequences, perhaps I ought to say, in some cases of our own errors and blunders during two years and a half of strenuous and sanguinary fighting. That was the original object; that was the business side of our mission. But the reception which you have given us here, the treatment which we have received from the President, from the Cabinet, from the House of Representatives, from the Senate—that treatment raises the whole level of our mission from a purely business operation to a great incident in the common life of two great and free peoples.

Gentlemen, I do not think the importance of that is easy to overrate. I believe that the consequences will not be measured by any mere record of the transactions that may take place between our various Governments, nor will the effects of it vanish when we ourselves, in consequence of the calls of duty elsewhere, leave your hospitable city. No, gentlemen, this mission and the French mission which is associated with it, mark a new epoch in the relations of our three countries, and I believe that in the alliance thus cemented lie secure some of the greatest hopes, some of the proudest expectations, which we dare to entertain about the future of civilization. [Applause.]

Gentlemen, it is not, however, your kindness of heart alone which has given this significance to contemporary events. That significance is forced upon our notice whether we be citizens of America or citizens of France or citizens of Britain; but I speak especially at this moment of citizens of America and citizens of Britain. It is forced upon our notice by the unwearied efforts of an unconscionable German propaganda. Whether we live on the other side of the Atlantic or on this side of the Atlantic, we English-speaking peoples have never organized ourselves for

military purposes; we have never been military States; and, when the war broke out, undoubtedly the Germans looked around the world, estimated the value (from their point of view) of the nations with whom they might be concerned, and, profoundly contemptuous of our views of civilization, whether they were British or American views, they decided that neither Britain nor America counted in the struggle by which they hoped to obtain the domination of the world. They found us unprepared; they found us unmilitary; and because we were unprepared and because we were unmilitary, they jumped rashly to the conclusion, firstly, that we were afraid to fight, and, secondly, that if we fought we would be wholly negligible quantities. I think they are beginning, possibly, to find out their mistake. [Great applause.]

How, gentlemen, did that mistake ever arise? It arose from the utter incapacity of the German ruling class—and it is only of the German ruling class that I speak today—to estimate value except in terms of drilled men and military preparation. They saw that England and America were prosperous, were unwarlike, were immersed in the arts of peace and involved in the industrial interests incident to a peaceful civilization, and they drew from that two conclusions: They drew from it, in the first place, the conclusion that because we were commercial we were therefore material; that we were incapable of high ideals or great sacrifices; and the further conclusion that even if we determined late in the day to pursue those high ideals and to make those great sacrifices we should be so utterly incompetent in the arts to which they had devoted so much of their attention that our interference in the war would be a thing which they could leave wholly on one side. On that miscalculation have been wrecked, and will be wrecked, all their hopes. [Applause.] It was their fatal blunder, a blunder from which they will never recover, but a blunder which has saved civilization.

Gentlemen, I speak with confidence about the issue of this great struggle, a confidence which is redoubled since you have thrown in your lot with those who have been fighting since 1914. [Great applause.] I see, indeed, suggestions that Germany, incapable of winning by arms, is going to win through the illegitimate weapon of submarine warfare. I believe it not. I do not at all minimize, I do not wish to minimize, the gravity of the submarine menace. After all, in the two years and a half during which the war has been going on, more than one difficulty of like magnitude has met us and more than one difficulty of like magnitude has been overcome.

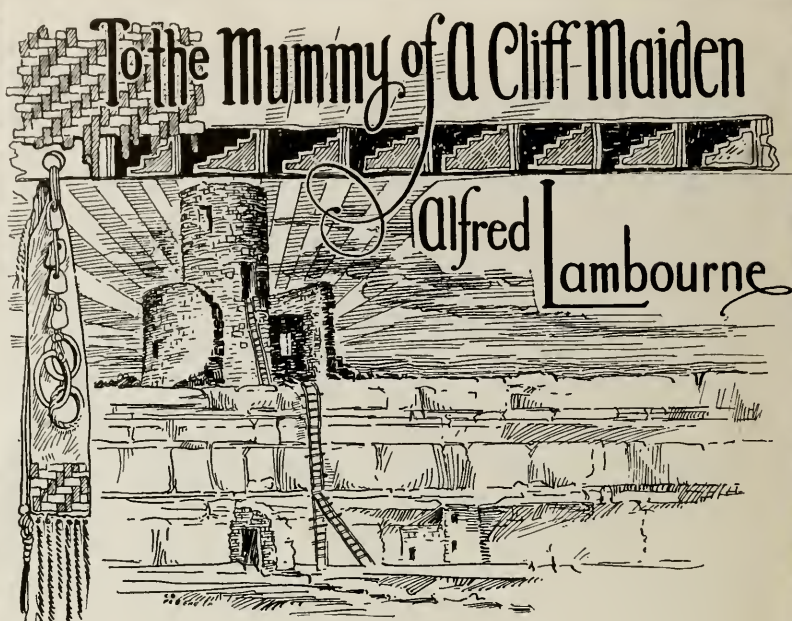
The question of munitions is a case in point. I do not wish to detain you on such an occasion with details, but at the beginning of the war it became evident that Germany had rec-

ognized the importance of the munitions question, had been preparing for this war through years of peace by having at her disposal a supply of ammunition greater than all the rest of the world put together, and at one time it almost looked as if the cause of civilization and liberty were to be crushed under the multitude of shells and the weight of artillery. We have surmounted that difficulty. It was a very great one.

I do not deny that the submarine difficulty is a very great one. I do not deny that it will require every effort made, either in Britain or here, successfully to overcome it; but that those efforts will be made, that this menace will be overcome, that the United States of America, like Great Britain and her dominions, will throw themselves into the task with ungrudging efforts, and that those efforts will be crowned with success, I do not doubt for a moment. [Great applause.] This war is not going to be settled by the sinking of helpless neutrals or by sending women and children to the bottom by torpedos or gunfire. It is to be settled by hard fighting; and when it comes to hard fighting, neither America nor Britain nor France need fear measuring themselves at any moment against those who have risen up against all that we hold dear for the future.

I therefore, gentlemen, look forward—not, of course, in a spirit of light and easy and unthinking confidence, but with firm faith—to the future of this war. It requires every man and woman on this side of the Atlantic as on the other side of the Atlantic, to throw their united efforts into the scale of right. That effort unquestionably will be made, is being made, will be made yet further, and, being made, I doubt not that it will be crowned with success, and that posterity will look back upon the union of these peoples, symbolized by such meetings as that which I am now addressing, as marking a new epoch in the history of the world; an epoch in which all the civilized nations roused themselves in unity to deal with one of their number which has forgotten its responsibilities, forgotten its duties, and which, in unscrupulous lust for universal domination, has brought the greatest of known calamities upon the world.

Gentlemen, I have detained you too long, but I was led away by my subject. On my own behalf and on behalf of my friends around me, I beg to thank you for the unique honor which you have paid to us, and, through us, to our country, to our cause, which is your cause, and to the future of civilization, which is yours as much as ours.—*The Congressional Record*, May 8, 1917.



I

A thousand years, ten thousand, who shall tell?
What ages, dim and countless, passed away,
The blazing desert suns that rose and fell
When this flesh lived no living man might say.
Was beautiful, one time, this withered face?
Small are thy hands, thy feet. What slender arms!
This body once possessed a supple grace,
Moved in the savage dance with maiden charms.
What longings and what dreams of life were thine,
In thy cliff-dwelling lifted to the skies?
Wert joyous in thy days, or didst thou pine,
Did love once glow within those sightless eyes?
No answer comes from thee, who long hath slept —
What now that once you sighed, or laughed, or wept?

II

In immortality what are the years?

Uncounted ages are as moments fled;
Grow aged and crumble may the blazing spheres;
But not the soul which left this dust but dead.
Thy tribe has vanished, lost to us its speech,
The dwellings of the cliffs are in our sight;
And yet no legend to our time may reach,
Thy people's fate is lost in darkest night.

Were thine eyes dusky, once as desert dew,
As thou didst look upon the southern moon?
That was so long ago! Thy days were few,
No end to time, thy earthly days gone soon.

This ancient dust but speaks of death's own power—
Where now thy part immortal, deathless flower?





Outlines for Scout Workers

By Delbert W. Parratt, B. S., and Grace Tempest

XIX—The Barn Swallow

"Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God."—*Psalm 84:3.*

1. Why is the barn swallow so named?
2. Name at least five other kinds of swallows.
3. How may the barn swallow be distinguished from these?
4. Tell of its flight.
5. Describe its song.
6. Where, when, and of what is the nest made?
7. Tell of the size, color, and number of eggs.
8. Upon what does the barn swallow subsist?
9. Should this bird be protected? Give at least two reasons for your answer.
10. How may it be encouraged to stay with us?

Handy Material

"This guest of Summer,
The temple-hunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd masonry, that heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. * * *
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate."—*Shakespeare, Macbeth.*

Many kinds of swallows are found in North America. Among them might be mentioned the Violet Green, the Rough Winged, the Sand, the Cliff, the Chimney, the Tree, the Bank, and the Barn. The first is named from the appearance of its wings, the second from its prevailing color, and all the others from the places selected for nest building. The one now claim-

ing our special attention is an expert mason and is particularly fond of building high up under projecting eaves of friendly barns, and in consequence is commonly called the barn swallow.

In weight he is among our lightest birds, but, in spite of this, measures ordinarily about seven inches in length. Not many birds surpass him in grace of figure or taste in dress. Nothing gaudy is found in his attire. A glossy, yet quiet, steel blue mantles his upper parts, blending into a pleasing tinge of dark purplish green on wings and tail. Large whitish spots are found on the tail feathers and afford a simple means of determining the bird's identity. But the deep chestnut on forehead and throat, fading into lighter tints on the breast, give a sure marking by which the Barn may be distinguished from all other swallows.

The long, graceful tail with its deep notch presents still another evidence by which the barn swallow may be known. Many swallows have notched tails, but in none other is the notch so pronounced as in the barn species. With it the notch extends nigh on half the length of the tail, and the long side feathers taper slenderly to points.

Like all other birds of this interesting family, the barn swallow spends most of his time flying about in quest of food. As a result his wings are well developed, but legs and feet are correspondingly small and weak. His flight is easy, skimming, and graceful. He turns and twists in air with remarkable speed and precision, and glides over meadow, stream, and lake, as if "sliding down hill" all the time. He habitually flies nearer the ground than do most of the other swallows. His song is a happy twitter most commonly heard while the bird is on wing. When peacefully resting on some telegraph wire or the like he gives a soft, catchy "witt, witt, witt, witt," but if alarmed cries a harsh "t-r-r-r, t-r-r-r," and darts off to places of safety.

Early May usually welcomes the return of the swallows from their winter retreats in Central and South America. At this time they are busily engaged in mating and nest making. As already suggested, they prefer building under eaves of somewhat isolated country barns. The nest is a mud shell, somewhat bowl shaped, lined with soft material such as delicate vegetable fibers and feathers.

"The swallow is a mason,
And underneath the eaves
He builds a nest and plasters it
With mud and hay and leaves."

In the little "mud hut" are laid from three to five pretty white eggs, neatly speckled with dainty brown or tinted laven-

der. As a rule the happy pair raise two broods of little ones each season, although three are by no means uncommon.

In addition to cheering our surroundings, these sociable little creatures keep actively engaged against mosquitoes, flies, and other troublesome insects. With sharp eyes, wide-stretched mouths, and ready wings they capture desired prey in a manner that is like magic. "From daylight till dark, on tireless wings, they seek their food, and the insects destroyed are countless." A report from the Department of Agriculture at Washington says: "Insects taken on the wing constitute the almost exclusive diet of the barn swallow. More than one-third consists of flies. * * * Beetles stand next in order and consist of a few weevils and many of the small drum beetles of the May beetle family that swarm over the pastures in the late afternoon. Ants amount to more than one-fifth of the whole food."

Because of their poetic beauty, charming flights, and incessant insect work, these gentle summer residents should be encouraged to live in peace and safety with us. Many of our modern barns are so closely built and finely finished that they offer almost no inducement for the swallows to build. As a result the number is becoming so reduced as to cause concern among bird students and those interested in the control of insect life.

Of late we have noted some alert agriculturalists have provided inviting boxes for these useful helpers. Such nesting boxes, having a floor space of two by six inches, and height of six inches, are secured well up under the eaves of the barn at a distance of not less than ten or twelve feet from the ground. The wood used in their making should be old, rough, and weatherworn and one or else two sides of the box should be left entirely open. Short narrow shelves, some six or eight inches below the wide eaves on tight-walled barns, will afford ample support for the nests. One or two holes cut through the gable walls admitting the swallows to build among the rafters are likely to bring pleasing results.

Like many of our country barns, those of Chocorua were at one time tenanted by joyful swallows. Changes were made and the little birds were obliged to depart. Of their pathetic leave, Bolles touchingly writes:

As the old barns fell to ruin,
New ones, raised to take their places,
Lacked the broad and generous shelter
Which the eaves had once afforded
To the owners of the mud huts
To the swallows of the Saco.

Weary-winged, from distant Southlands,
In the spring have come the swallows,
Seeking hopefully their nestings,

Seeking eaves and sun-warmed barn sides;
Come and found the crackless clapboards.
Come and found ill-odored pigments,
Come and found new barns for old ones,
Come and found no eaves for shelter,
Come with joy and met with sorrow,
Seeking vainly for old barn sides
Changeless as the cliffs of Pangus.

Weary-winged, the homeless swallows
Flutter out into the darkness—
Whither going? That they know not.
But 't is certain that the Saco,
That the lonely cliffs of Pangus,
That the steeps below Chocorua,
Do not bear their cosy dwellings,
Years ago, on man depending,
Mother swallows taught their nestlings
Barns alone were made to build on—
Barns have failed them, men betrayed them.

Old Glory

Old Glory, wave on, o'er the land of the free,
The home of the fair and the brave;
The land where oppression from mountain to sea
Finds only a place for a grave.
The hands of a nation grasp firmly thy staff,
In triumph they bear thee along;
We join in the chorus of millions before us,
Still pledging our banner in song.

Chorus

We'll come at the call of thy colors, Old Flag;
We're ready for duty today;
We'll serve where you want us to serve, Old Flag;
We'll pay what you want us to pay.

Old Glory, float on, o'er the shop and the farm,
And wave at the mouth of the mine;
And flutter in front of our chariots of fire,
And over our birds of the brine.
The coo of the babe, and the beat of the drum,
The voice of the nurse and the gun
Shall swell the refrain, while we sing once again
The song that our fathers have sung.

Wave, Glory, wave on, when the world shall be free
And the peace dove has builded her nest,
When the war clouds no more shall darken the shore,
And the billows of strife are at rest;
When the Goddess of Right and the Champion Might
Shall meet at the altar of love,
And under thy stars and thy symbolic bars,
We sing with the heavens above.

George H. Brimhall.



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GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING

General Pershing, commander of the United States Army in Europe, arrived in England on the 8th of June, and was received with enthusiasm and feted by the king and the public; and on the 13th of June he reached Paris, where he received a tumultuous welcome as he proceeded through the thronged boulevards by the side of "Papa" Joffre. His response was characteristically unconventional, and smacked of the simplicity and sincerity of western America. (See p. 354, February *Era*, 1917.)

Selling Tobacco, Tea and Coffee

By Fred L. W. Bennett

The writer is a recent convert to "Mormonism" and a still more recent arrival in this country, and one of the things which has painfully surprised him is that "Mormon" merchants carry a line of tobacco, teas and coffee. Now, while some may think me hypercritical, I think there may be some excuse for the Latter-day Saint merchant living away from the Church carrying these articles (but of that I am not sure); but I can see none for those doing business right here in Zion; that is, if we are to take the Word of Wisdom seriously. If it is wrong to use an article it must be equally wrong to make or supply that article. Whom do we blame for the liquor evil most? Why, the brewer and his retailers, and we aim to stop their business. If they pleaded that their goods were in demand, we should laugh at them; and yet some would accept that as a satisfactory defense of the Latter-day Saint who makes and sells other things which the Church condemns.

Some with whom I have discussed this subject assert that as the articles I have mentioned cannot be regarded as so harmful or offensive as strong drinks, they ought not to be condemned so strongly. What a doctrine! If a thing is wrong, it is wrong. A good citizen will not break any law, and this surely ought to be equally true with the laws of the Kingdom of God! Others will remind you of the words "not by constraint" at the beginning of the revelation, as if that modifies it. But, if we regard it as *advice only*, are we to treat it with any less degree of respect? Can we spurn His advice any more than His commandment and still retain His love and trust?

I have traveled a great deal since I have been in this country and the Latter-day Saint family which does not have some member, at least, who drinks tea or coffee, seems to be very rare, whilst a percentage have a "smoker" or two. I often wonder whether these persons really believe in revelation, and that our beloved Joseph Smith was a true Prophet. But whilst "Mormon" merchants and corporations continue to sell these "forbidden fruits," sermons on the Word of Wisdom will have very little influence with the people. The "competition" argument is a heresy. If it held true, we ought not to look down upon a Latter-day Saint who keeps a saloon? But who would think of

making such a brother an officer of any kind in the Church, or even a member? Carried to its logical conclusion, we should permit a member of the Church to cater to any vicious tastes or abominations if he were in a business where these "side lines" would have to be carried on in order to meet competition! When one sells or advertises a thing, he is not only supplying a demand, he is helping to create one, and this should not be lost sight of in a discussion of this kind. If Latter-day Saint merchants would "cut out" the three articles mentioned, it would have a tremendous influence for good, and the time would soon come when the stopping of the sale of tobacco, at least, in Utah would be mooted. A thing must be put out of the pale of good society before you can talk of annihilating it. I hope we shall not wait for neighboring states to set us the example in this matter.

The people have been told that if they will be honest with their God in the matter of tithings, etc., they shall be blessed here and now, as well as store up riches for themselves in heaven. A man who pays a full tithing would seem to be handicapped in life's race when placed beside a man with no religious ties demanding a substantial portion of his income. The same applies to a missionary spending his time and means working for the Church whilst a neighbor in a similar profession or business stays with his calling. But does paying tithes or doing missionary work gratis place one at a disadvantage in this life? I have yet to find that it does. So, then, it is right to urge Latter-day Saints to do these things. Well, if that is granted, let us not be afraid to do *anything whatsoever* that is right and demanded by our faith. We must

"Do what is right,
Let the consequence follow."

I must hasten to assure the merchant I am not condemning him alone. Buyers have obligations, too. In these days when so many Latter-day Saints fail to keep the Word of Wisdom, the merchant (even if he has considered it wrong to carry the articles complained of, and many honestly do not) may well hesitate before observing the full letter of the law. I have heard of Latter-day Saint merchants who refused at first to handle tea, coffee, or tobacco, but they were compelled to do so or close their doors, so they contend; but I cannot think but that they became frightened and followed the majority before giving the plan a fair trial. There is a bishop at St. Charles, Idaho, who does not carry tobacco in his store at the present time. I have this on the authority of his son and a number of other persons who know him. All honor to him for his faith! I hope he will become rich!

You wives and housekeepers, mothers in Israel, who desire to "train your children in the way they should go," our brethren in the merchant business will not do much on the lines I have indicated without your co-operation. The righting of this matter is really in your hands. If your neighbor who keeps a store in your ward decides to drop the things condemned, will you stand by him? Do not complain if your boy smokes, if you do not do your part toward stopping the sale of the objectionable weed. I should like to see Latter-day Saint women form themselves into a league and try to influence storekeepers to "drop" tobacco, at least. If they would do this, there would be many merchants who would gladly listen to them, for I do not believe our Church merchants like handling the stuff, but feel compelled to do so at present. Others would cut it out for commercial reasons only, for they would soon see that the store that continued to carry it would be in disfavor. There is one newspaper in Salt Lake City that refuses to publish tobacco advertisements on principle. Are you supporting that paper—you know which it is—in preference to the others? If you are not, do so! and tell the other papers *why*. You mothers! Your power for good is unlimited. Will you exercise it?

A Mood

I'm sick of the dirt and the strife and the din
 Of political scandals; of rumors of sin;
 Of the pomp of the rich; of the wail of the poor;
 Of the incessant grafting; the glitter and lure;
 And I'm sick of the faces I see without end—
 The faces of strangers with never a friend;
 I'm sick of the tumult of passions that play
 Such a havoc with peace in my heart every day,—
 The passions of hate, of envy and pity,—
 O, I'm sick of it all! I'm sick of the city!

And I long for a glimpse of a mountain so high
 That its snow-covered summit is kissed by the sky.
 For the glint of a sunbeam, unsullied by smoke;
 For the calm of a silence that's never been broke;
 For the flash of a bird's wing high over green trees;
 For the smell of the woods wafted by on the breeze.
 For the deep sense of homage that bids me to kneel
 And pour out my love for all that I feel.
 Yes, I long once again to sip from those fountains
 Of courage and faith to be found in the mountains.

Elsie C. Carroll

Chicago, Ill.

Failure to Provide

By Annie D. Palmer

"Have you been over to look at that automobile I told you about, Park?"

No, I haven't." Park Adams answered his wife rather sul-
lenly. The question hurt.

"Why don't you go? Phil says it's as good as new and is offered for only \$800. Maybe you could buy it for even less than that. I really think you ought to go and see it."

"Marie, I have tried awfully hard to impress you with the idea that I can't buy an automobile this year—in fact I don't know that I can ever buy one. What, then, is the use of going to look?"

"I did not think you had given it up entirely. You have been working every day since spring opened; and we have lived very economically all winter. Why, even the children have given up picture shows, and you and I have been regular hermits because our clothes weren't fit to go out in."

"And in spite of all that, I have paid only fifty out of the four hundred dollars charged to us at the hospital."

"Don't remind me of the hospital any more! I hate the horrid place! And I don't care if the bill is never paid!"

"But I care. It is an honest debt, and I mean to pay it."

"Honest debt, indeed! Honest nothing! If it were one-fourth its size it might be honest. More than that is robbery."

"Maybe so, Marie, and yet if it were four times its size, I should struggle to get it settled sometime. We didn't ask the price you know, when we took you there. Your life was spared and—"

"And I might just as well have died! I would rather have died if I'm always to have the hospital flung in my teeth when I need to spend a dollar!"

"My dear, I shall never mention it to you again; but if I never ride in an automobile in my life, I hope some day to hold up my head again and be able to say, 'I owe no man a dollar.'"

"That means, then, that this eternal grind of poverty is to go on indefinitely?"

"It means that I shall work early and late, that I shall limit my expenditures to the bare necessities, and—that—"

"Oh, go on and say it. That you expect me to do likewise. But I am tired of it! I am so tired of it that I think you had

better give me the portion that is mine and let me manage my own affairs."

"Marie! Surely you—why, woman, you can't mean—"

"Yes; I mean exactly what I say! It has been coming to me slowly ever since the hospital. I can't stand it any longer and I won't try. I can get a divorce for 'failure to provide.'"

"But, Marie—the children—I—I love them so. You can't—"

"All four of the children are minors. They will stay with me."

"And I shall go away alone! Shall wander forth homeless and alone! Oh, God, pity me! God pity me!"

With a great sob of pain that seemed to rend his heart asunder, Park Adams threw himself down on the couch where he sat, and buried his face in the pillow. His wife left the room, bidding the little children come to her in the garden.

The two little girls followed quickly, but ten-year-old Julian noticed his father's grief and longed to comfort him. Going to the couch the little fellow threw his arms about the neck of the sobbing man and clung to him.

"Are you sick, papa?" he asked.

"No, my boy—only sorry," sobbed the father.

"Papa, I won't be a naughty boy."

"God bless you, darling. Be good to mama, always, and pray for papa sometimes, will you?"

"Where are you going, papa?"

"I don't know. Away off somewhere to work. Where is Maida?"

"Taking her music lesson, papa. You know she goes every Saturday."

"Tell her papa loves her—and hopes she will grow up—to be—a lovely woman—." The strong man was choked with his grief.

"A lovely woman, like mama?" interrupted the lad.

"Yes. A lovely woman like mama. *Goodbye.*"

Hastily the father put a few articles of clothing in his suitcase and was gone.

So the man fared forth, and the woman had her way. Was he weak to yield so readily to her whim? He knew Marie and he was sure this was no passing whim! On matters of minor importance Marie Adams could be argued with, could even change her mind. But not on things of this nature. Park remembered how, fifteen years before, her parents and all her family had tried to persuade her to marry Ephraim Duke. She had heard them respectfully to the end of the last chapter, and then quietly informed her mother that she had chosen Park Adams for her husband and that if they were to produce all the lords and earls

and dukes of Europe, she would still marry Park Adams. And now, gradually for her, very suddenly for him, they had come to the parting of the ways. Even so. He must submit.

Mrs. Adams gathered the children about her in the shadiest nook in the garden and read stories to them for an hour. Then she returned to the house and to work. If she had any regret for the step she had taken, she drove away the thought of it with an array of self-justification. Why couldn't they be like other people anyway? and have some new furniture, and better clothes? Why should not she spend a winter in California or enjoy seeing the wonders of Yellowstone Park? Why should she always walk while her friends whirled past her in their splendid cars? What was the use of being tied to a man who was not able to take care of her, anyway? Perhaps some day if she were free—but no she must not even think that—so she went on comparing her lot always with the worldly-rich, never with the unfortunate.

At nine o'clock next Monday morning Mrs. Adams was carefully arranging her hair before the mirror. She was going to see Attorney Ray about the legal proceedings against her husband. She had heard that Attorney Ray was a very pleasant and agreeable man. Perhaps she foolishly imagined that a matter of personal appearance might in some way modify the size of the attorney's fee. Be that as it may she was, this morning, bestowing special care upon the curling and braiding and arranging of her very beautiful hair.

"Mama dear, here's a letter from papa. The 'postum' says it is from papa." It was baby Clara who came running in with the letter.

Mrs. Adams tore it open and read:

Marie: I have sold my tools and got enough money to finish the last payment on the house. Mr. Ray will hand you the deed, which is made and recorded in your name. It will be a source of comfort to me to know that you and the children will never be homeless.

There is \$75 in the bank which is at your disposal, and flour paid for in the mill to last you about a year. I am doubtful as to whether or not I should leave you my account books, but I think I shall. You may be able to collect some.

Do not push that "failure" suit. You will probably never hear from me again and "desertion" will be easy. Take good care of our children—God bless them. Goodbye,

Park.

But Marie did push the suit because she had "made up her mind," and because she imagined that the oppression which was growing on her mind, would be relieved when once all was settled. Ah, little did she realize the heavy load she had assumed, or the anxiety that would be hers because of it. In less than a month the *Weekly Bulletin* reported that Mrs. Marie

Adams had filed suit for divorce against Park Adams, her husband, for failure to provide.

* * * * *

The Commercial Club had held a long and interesting session. The question under fire was that of establishing a cash basis in business. Most of the members favored the move but a few stoutly declared that work and trade would come to a sudden standstill if such measure were adopted. Jacob Budge, the strongest opponent of the "no credit" system, had succeeded in getting the meeting adjourned, so the question was still left open.

Now the club men stood around in groups commenting upon and arguing phases that had not been brought out in the discussion.

"By George, there ought to be a *law* that would compel men to pay their debts," said Orson Tibbs, the carpenter. "I spend as much time trying to collect as I do in earning my money, and it's a whole lot harder work."

"You're in mighty great luck if you get it at all," added the little lame cobbler. "If all the shoes I have mended and got nothing for, should suddenly walk together in a heap, there would be a great lot of people barefoot."

"Business men should be shrewd enough to know their customers, and trust only where the pay is sure. If they are not, they ought to lose, and I have no sympathy with their sniveling." A derisive laugh followed this remark of Mr. Budge, but the laugh immediately dropped into dead silence, for Mr. Budge was immensely rich and was aspiring to the legislature.

Suddenly some of the men remembered that it was time to go home and there were leave-takings and change of topics. Mr. Budge was among those who departed.

"Say, fellows, do you know what broke up Park Adams?" The question was asked by Attorney Webb who still sat with a number of others around the large square table.

"His wife was granted a divorce last week. Failure to Provide, wasn't it?" asked one of the group.

"Failure to Provide, yes. But why the failure? There wasn't a better blacksmith in the state than Park. He always had work and he always did it. He used neither beer nor tobacco, and played no games of chance. He should have been among the well-to-do. Why did he fail?"

"Extravagant wife, perhaps," ventured another.

"Extravagant wife? No. She couldn't be extravagant. She was kept right down to pinching poverty. No, boys, it was this damning credit business that did it, and nothing else. Jacob Budge owes that man four hundred dollars today."

"What became of Adams?"

"Hasn't been heard from, directly, since the day he left home. He sent money regularly to his wife for ten months, but always in bills with every clue to his whereabouts carefully concealed. He also sent money to the hospital to cover his indebtedness there. In the last two months there has been nothing—he seems to have failed again."

"Too bad, I believe I owe him something like ten dollars, myself," said Jim Lowe whose conscience began to hurt.

"There's a mighty good chance to pay it to his family," answered the attorney. "Poor little Mrs. Adams! She has found that her own providing is a blamed sight worse than his. In fact she hasn't been able to provide at all, and the whole family might have starved had it not been for the small monthly contributions from Park."

"Takes in washing doesn't she?"

"I believe so—and waits for her pay—and whistles for it, maybe. Boys—excuse me, but this thing has got on my nerves! You see I owed Park two fifty, myself. That is how I came to know. Reading about that divorce last week set me thinking about the cause of the "failure," and then I remembered about a little bill I owed the man for work. I went to Mrs. Adams and asked what the amount was. She handed me his ledger, remarking that she had not even looked inside of it since he left. She believed that if Park had not been able to collect, it was useless for her to try. I became interested as I turned the leaves of his book, and offered to see what could be done with the accounts. The woman gladly turned the whole thing over to me. Boys, *there's over a thousand dollars' worth of unpaid, good, honest work recorded in that ledger and the man who did the work is an outcast from his family for Failure to Provide.* Most of it is in small accounts like yours and mine; so there are several hundred of us who must have part in the responsibility of Park Adams' wretched existence—perhaps his untimely death!"

"Why did he not tell us?"

"Great Scott, man, would you have him go among his patrons like a beggar, pleading with them to settle accounts? Here is what one says in reply to a request for early settlement."

The attorney drew from his pocket a letter and read:

Dear Mr. Adams: We are using all our money this year for the stocking of our ranch. When we have done this and got things in good shape, we shall be glad to pay every cent we owe.

Hoping this will not inconvenience you, etc., etc.

"It would have been considerate to ask Mr. Adams to donate the price of a calf in that case," remarked Rob Larsen. What

right has one to stock his ranch with other people's money? It sounds like Jacob Budge."

"Here is another," said Attorney Webb, and read:

Dear Sir: I was going to pay you the \$1.75 I owe you, but my wife wants a new bonnet, so you will have to wait till next month.

The telephone rang, and Mr. Webb was called. Not a word was spoken by any one else in the room, while this conversation went on:

"Hello, yes, this is Webb."

"At Fort Worth, Texas?"

"Well, well! That is too bad. When did he die?"

"Certainly. He would have thought it dreadful to become an object of charity, even when dead."

"Yes, I think so. I believe now that he is dead we can wake up his debtors and collect enough to pay the hospital bill and funeral expenses."

"Do you really want him brought home, Mrs. Adams?"

"Well, there's a thousand dollars in his ledger. Of course, we can't hope to get half of it—and there's you and the children—"

"Very well. We'll do what we can. Goodbye."

* * * * *

They formed a committee of business men there in the clubroom, to arrange for the transportation and funeral of the earthly remains of Park Adams, with the stipulation that not a penny of the expense should be donated, Mrs. Adams *would* have it so.

Four days later when funeral services were held in one of the largest halls in the city, they covered his casket with flowers, and lauded his name to the skies—lauded to the skies the name of the man whom they had driven to his death in exile, by the system of credit they practiced and upheld.

Who Wrote This Road Pean?—"Roads rule the world—not kings nor congresses, nor courts nor constables, not ships nor soldiers. The road is the only court that never sleeps, the only army that never quits, the first aid to the redemption of any nation, the exodus from stagnation in any society, the call from savagery in any tribe, the high priest of prosperity, after the order of Melchizedek, without beginnings of days or end of life. The road is umpire in every war, and when the new map is made, it simply pushes on its great campaign to help, hope, brotherhood, efficiency and peace." This praise of roads is being printed rather widely now, but nobody seems to know the author. Many inquiries as to who wrote it have been received by the American Highway Association, and if anybody knows he will confer a favor on many inquisitive roadbuilders by sending the information to the Washington office of that organization,

Salt Lake Valley

As President Wilford Woodruff Saw It Seventy Years Ago

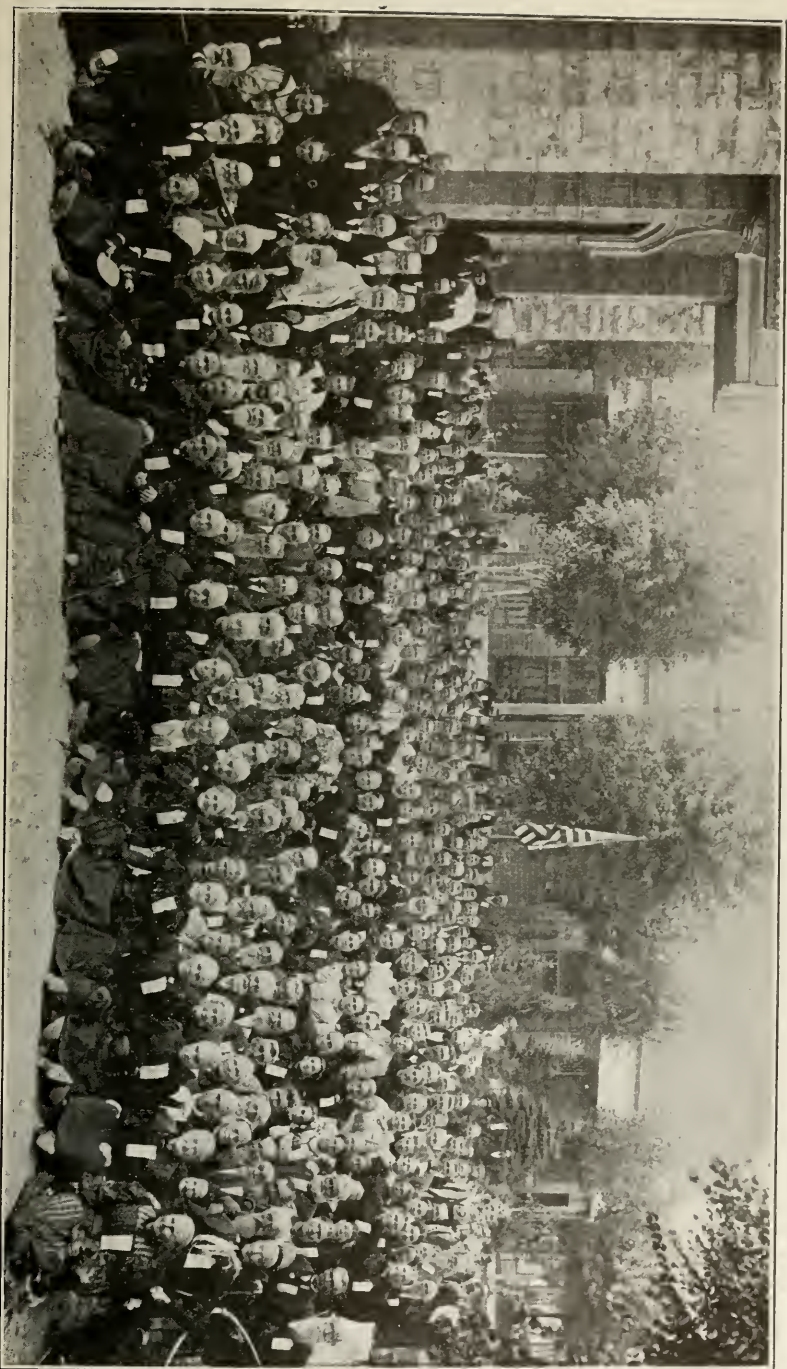
July 24, 1847. This is an important day in the history of my life, and in the history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. After traveling from our encampment ten miles through the deep ravine valley, ended with the canyon through the last creek, we came in full view of the Great Salt Lake valley or basin, the land of promise held in reserve by the hand of God for a resting place for the Saints, upon which a portion of the Zion of God will be built.

We gazed with wonder and admiration upon the vast, rich, fertile valley, which lay for about twenty-five miles in length and sixteen miles in width, clothed with a heavy garb of green vegetation, in the midst of which lay a large lake of salt water of eighty miles in extent, in which could be seen large islands and mountains towering towards the clouds. The glorious valley abounded with the best fresh water springs, rivulets, creeks, brooks, and rivers of various sizes, all of which gave animation to the sporting trout and other fish, while their waters were wending their way into the great Salt Lake. Our hearts were surely made glad,—after a hard journey from Winter Quarters, of 1200 miles, through the flats of Platt river, the steepes of the Black Hills, the Rocky Mountains and the burning sands of the eternal sage region,—willow swales and rocky canyons and stumps and stones,—to gaze upon a valley of such vast extent, entirely surrounded with a perfect chain of everlasting hills and mountains, covered with eternal snows, with their innumerable peaks, like pyramids, towering towards heaven, presenting at one view the grandest and most sublime scenery, probably, that could be obtained on the globe!

Thoughts of pleasing meditation ran in rapid succession through our minds, while we contemplated that not many years, and the House of God would stand upon the top of the mountains, while the valleys would be converted into orchards, vineyards, gardens and fields, by the inhabitants of Zion. The standard also will be unfurled for the nations to gather thereto. President Young expressed his full satisfaction in the appearance of the valley as a resting place for the Saints, and was amply repaid for his journey.

After gazing awhile upon the scenery, we traveled across the table land into the valley four miles to the encampment of our brethren, who had arrived two days before us. They had pitched their encampment upon the banks of two small streams of pure water, and had commenced plowing. They had broken about five acres of ground, and commenced planting potatoes. As soon as we were located in the encampment, before I took my dinner, having one-half bushel of potatoes, I repaired to the plowed field and planted my potatoes, hoping, with the blessings of God, at least to save the seed for another year.

The brethren had dammed up one of the creeks, and dug a trench, and by night nearly the whole ground was irrigated with water. We found the ground very dry. Towards evening, in company with Brothers Kimball, Smith and Benson, I rode several miles up the creek into the mountains to look for timber, and see the country, etc. There was a thunder shower, and it extended nearly over the whole valley; also, it rained some the forepart of the night. We felt thankful for this, as it was the general opinion that it did not rain in the Valley during the summer time.—*From Wilford Woodruff's Journal.*



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A REMARKABLE PICTURE OF PIONEERS OF 1847
At the Utah Pioneer Jubilee, 1897, Salt Lake City. Standing in the background are surviving members of the Mormon Battalion.

Tribute to the Pioneers

Hail to the valiant-hearted pioneers,
Who set their faces toward the sinking sun,
And saw, though dimly, through their galling tears,
The perils of a battle yet unwon.

Those men of iron will who never quailed,
Those gentle mothers bound to them by love,
Firm-rooted in a trust that never failed,
They came all trusting in the God above.

The eye of faith had seen the chosen place,
Far sep'rate from the hard oppressor's hand.
They came like harassed Israelites of old,
To find sweet refuge in a promised land.

They scorned the vast unknown that lay before,
The perils of a desert unexplored;
With fortitude their heavy cross they bore,
They came, stout hearts, and fear of death abhorred.

To leave behind the mob with all its crime,
And find a place where they could breathe free air,
They'd venture all to find that happy clime,
And thither go, it mattered little where.

No fiery pillar led their steps by night,
No cloud to guide their wandering feet by day;
A pilot blessed with clear, prophetic sight
Led Israel unerring in their way.

The time tolled off by many weary days,
They left behind unnumbered leagues of plain,
They crossed the burning sands by devious ways,
And scaled the rugged hills their heights to gain.

The unbridged stream that interposed its course
Would not suffice to daunt these fearless men,
They forded where it ran with turbid force,
Then took their weary, westward march again.

No manna fell to check the gnawing pain
Of hunger; like a monster he did stalk
About the camp, and never water came
To slake their thirst from out the smitten rock.

These modern exiles walked by living faith,
They cried not out to see the hand of God;
Enough for them to know he held their fate;
They bowed, and passed beneath the heavy rod.

Some, uninured, grew faint beneath the load,
And sank down lifeless on the cruel ground;
They laid them down to sleep beside the road,
And left to tell each fate one lonely mound.

They bore it all with wondrous fortitude,
 Cheered by hope that's born of faith sublime;
 They strove for other generations' good,
 And left their impress on the reign of time.

When night fell, they would gather round the fire,
 And all the day's adventures laughing tell,
 Then in one mighty chorus rising higher,
 They sung out to the wild waste, "All is well."

At length they came upon the chosen place,
 A decimated, weary, heart-sick band,
 And when they looked upon its barren face,
 They cried, "O God, is this the promised land?"

"Forbidding desolation everywhere,
 A desert place where savage red men roam,
 And hunt the wild beast in his native lair,—
 This uninviting place to be our home!"

It was the place, for so the prophet said;
 He thrust his staff into the scanty sod,
 Then spoke these words with bowed, uncovered head,
 "Here shall we build a temple to our God."

They girded up their loins, all plied their strength;
 The men they tilled the soil, the women spun.
 Low, meagre huts they builded them at length
 To shelter from the storm, or blazing sun.

The crystal streams that ran their idle way
 Were turned aside upon the thirsting plain;
 There came to give them solace on that day,
 Slight proof that they had labored not in vain.

Then followed years of unremitting toil;
 They battled with a thousand things adverse,
 Wrestling from the dry, reluctant soil
 A bare enough to weather through the worst.

But small things wrought in faith and hope and tears,
 Things consecrated to a noble end,
 Rise in their towering strength in after years,
 Whose magnitude there's none can comprehend.

The pioneer camp becomes a thrifty town,
 Towns multiply and spread upon the land,
 They grow apace through all the country round,
 Then cities rear their towers, fair and grand.

Now one more star gleams out upon the blue,
 Emblazoned there triumphant with the rest:
 She sheds her genial ray upon the true,
 She has no peer, the Glory of the West.

All honor to those valiant pioneers
 Who set their faces towards the sinking sun,
 And saw, though dimly, through their galling tears,
 The laurels of a battle fought and won.

Louis W. Larsen.



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GERMAN SHELLS BURSTING ON FAMOUS RHEIMS CATHEDRAL

During a bombardment on April 23, heavy 380-cm. projectiles were used, hitting the church directly. The plea offered by the Germans when they first wrecked the old building was that of error, but that does not hold good now. Using shells in further damaging the church now seems to be clear evidence of pure spitefulness.

The church was erected in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and was one of the finest Gothic buildings in Europe, especially noted for its western facade with three portals, rose window, and numerous statues. Rheims was in possession of the English, who were expelled by the Maid of Orleans, in 1429; and in 1870-71, during the Franco-Prussian war, it was held by the Germans, but while the church was held sacred during those troubles, it has remained for this present war to practically destroy the noble structure.

Mary Ellen

By Maud Baggarley

The fragrant odor of baking bread permeated the hot kitchen where Mary Ellen stepped rapidly back and forth setting the table for the noon meal.

Silver and cut glass gleamed on the heavy linen cloth, although Mary Ellen had lived alone for ten years and the nearest pair of curious eyes were six miles away, and acre upon acre of sage-brush plain stretched "left and right over the hills and out of sight" like the pavilions about Sir Launfal's castle.

But Mary Ellen never intended to become a squaw, or a mere clod, even if she did live on the desert. And although she had, in a measure and after a fashion, renounced civilization, yet she clung to the habits to which she was accustomed. A woman does not return to the primitive quite as easily and readily as man—her superior, hence being essentially feminine she did certain things not because she had a reason for so doing, but just because she had always done them.

Her house was a two roomed shack, yet the floor of the living room was covered by an Oriental rug which glowed like an opal and on the walls hung a few choice paintings—all landscapes. Faces haunted and repelled Mary Ellen, so of portraits or photographs there were none.

When a traveler from the great outer world stopped at this oasis, which a woman's hands had made in the desert, his first glimpse of Mary Ellen's living room gave him a sort of shock. If he chanced to be a man of education the titles of the books that nearly hid the walls from view gave him a greater one.

Socrates, Plato, and Plutarch, were there as a matter of course, also Voltaire and Rousseau, but works like those of Darwin and Haeckel—compositions that foster unbelief in the lonely and melancholy—books on socialism and science, were in the preponderance.

Of modern novels, there were none at all. Mary Ellen "neither loafed nor invited her soul," but she fed both her mind and body well.

As for the rest she worked from dawn until sun-set with scarcely a pause and thrust her questioning soul as far back into the dim recesses of her being as it would go. If it were possible she would have scourged it forth with stripes, for she loathed life and the meaning of life, and like the fool she said in her

heart, "There is no God," and read everything she could get to make herself believe it.

Today she intended to drive to town to market her farm produce and was but waiting for the bread to finish baking before starting.

"The eggs are graded—fourteen dozens in all," she exclaimed aloud—communing with herself as those who live a life of solitude, often do.

"Four bushels of new potatoes, too—the first of the season. They ought to bring a good price."

"I wish the peaches were riper," and she glanced speculatively at a heavily laden tree near the open window.

She had planted it there eight years ago with her own hands that she might enjoy the wonder of its blossoming boughs in springtime. The very thought of a peach tree in full flower sent an ecstatic thrill through her.

Like a man this once frail woman, now grown wiry and gray, had labored to wrest a livelihood—and something more—from the bleak soil of this newly settled country. Not only had she striven but she had succeeded.

Often when gloating over her small pile of slowly accumulating gold the meadow-lark would interrupt her self-congratulations with a high trilled note of pure joy. Instinctively her hand would go to her heart, and her eyes unconsciously seek to penetrate the blue above, that veiled from her the face of—what?

"Oh, if I could only see the reason in it all," she would cry bitterly. "If I could only have my old childlike faith restored. Then, resolutely taking herself in hand, she would turn to her self-appointed task of making money.

Lost in thought, the steaming food growing gradually cold, she was startled out of her reverie by the quavering tones of a childish voice and looked up in astonishment to see the form of a slim boy, about ten years old, framed in the vine-covered archway in front of the open door. The tears rolled slowly down his dirty, sunburned face.

"Missus, my momo is awful sick, could you come down to our wagon in the gulch yander? I reckon as how, maybe she might be a'givin' to die."

He gulped—half sobbed—but quickly regained control of himself. His eyes beseeched her tragically.

"My dear child!" Mary Ellen was on her feet instantly. Snatching her bonnet from a nearby chair she flung it on her head, gathered a few household remedies and without further questioning—after a hasty and calculating glance at the bread in the oven—ran with the child, down the road to the gulch.

The canvas-covered wagon was but a short distance from

Mary Ellen's house, which faced the state high road, but hidden from it by a hill covered with grease-wood.

It was even as the boy had said. The outfit had traveled far, had undergone many vicissitudes, Mary Ellen judged by the condition of the battered, weather-stained equipment.

This she found was the case. They had come from Missouri, with all their earthly belongings, and were on their way to Arizona where they hoped the climate would benefit the father's failing health, but he had died, a week's journey back, of dysentery.

Leaving her husband in a lonely grave among strangers, the half distracted mother had continued her journey, pressing on toward Flagstaff, where a solitary friend awaited her coming.

One of the gaunt horses had died that day. His fleshless ribs told his story all too plainly.

A glance at the woman revealed hers.

Mary Ellen's active brain, accustomed to emergencies worked quickly. Stern woman of the desert that she had now become, she wasted not one minute in offering either advice or sympathy. She heard but one groan from the woman then turned and ran back over the road by which she had come.

Unfastening the horse which stood at the hitching-post ready for the trip to town which she had contemplated making, she sprang into the buggy and drove furiously over the hill toward the stricken family stranded in the gulch.

Lifting the emaciated form of the woman she carried her to the vehicle, and when the children had climbed in, she drove carefully but quickly home. An hour later a strange, thin cry came from the living room where Mary Ellen worked valiantly with compressed lips and wildly beating heart.

Such suffering and fortitude she had never before seen. The woman's eyes were closed. Suddenly she opened them widely and motioned for the new-born babe to be brought to her. Mary Ellen placed it in her nerveless arms and folded them about it. The woman gazed at the child in silence.

Two big tears gathered slowly in her eyes and hung there. She made an effort to speak but no words came. She seemed to sink away, then rallying her forces in one supreme effort gasped:

"Pray—quickly—pray."

Mary Ellen looked down at her.

"There is no God," was on the tip of her tongue.

"She has given life for life—she must not die like this—but what can I do?" She cried inwardly, feeling her own impotence.

The sick woman's eyelids fluttered down. She waited. The whole universe seemed to wait with her.

At length, as if a voice whispered in her ear, came

the message to Mary Ellen: "Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death—"

"Oh Lord, I cry to thee from the depths, let me feel that thou art near, for the sake of thy Son who was crucified," she begged.

Her breath came thickly. She felt as if she would suffocate. The ice about her heart seemed to melt. A warm glow enveloped her.

Not for herself but for another had she prayed, and God had answered immediately. With the tears pouring down her face, she fell on her knees and talked with the Lord as if face to face.

The woman opened her eyes and looked at Mary Ellen's transfigured countenance.

"Unto the least of these—" she murmured. Agony held her for a long moment.

"Sammy—Elin," she whispered. Mary Ellen brought them hastily. Both children kissed their mother and pressed close to her.

"Be a good boy, Sammy—take care of sisters," came from her almost rigid lips.

Slowly her big brown eyes traveled from one child to another then dwelt upon Mary Ellen with mute but agonizing questioning.

Mary Ellen knew what those dumb eyes asked. But could she do it? Like a vision her whole past unfolded itself before her, but she forced her face to remain empty of expression.

She saw herself a deserted wife with two small children to support; her desperate struggle with poverty and ill health; she saw herself as a teacher of art in a large university and able to gratify her desire for luxury, then threatened blindness and shattered nerves; finding no room at the firesides of her daughters whose worried hands were fully occupied with caring for their many little children, she had in desperation packed her household goods and fled to the desert.

Her homestead, productive and beautiful now, was her own; work in the open had made her as strong as a man. But she felt that she wanted no new responsibilities. She had done all the Lord ought to require of her.

"Children are not grateful for the sacrifices one makes to rear them; they return but grudging duty, for all they get," she thought rebelliously.

Still the dumb eyes questioned. They seemed to comprehend and appreciate her struggle. Slowly in Mary Ellen's soul was born the great truth:

What one gets out of life matters not at all. It is what one

gives. "Man is, that he may have joy." And joy is born of unselfish service.

In Mary Ellen's face came a look of great peace. The woman smiled. Bending over her Mary Ellen said softly: "I will keep them all, and God helping me, I shall be so kind to them that even you watching shall be satisfied."

An immortal radiance dawned in the dying mother's eyes, and with a little tired sigh she grew very cold and still.

The Wayside Dead

Eyes turned to'ard the setting sun,
In the glowing light,
Saw The Place all glorified,
Visioned to their sight,
Where the outcasts should become
Cultured, great and strong;
But the way to Pioneers
Seemed so hard and long.

Many laid them down to sleep,
Morning, noon, or eve;
Where no taps are ever heard,
Where none come to grieve.
Generations yet unborn
Shall their story tell—
Pioneers who saw in dreams
Where the Saints should dwell.

Summers come and summers go
Where the wild flowers bloom;
Heedless still they slumber on
In the darkened tomb.
Rows of mounds define the way
Where the pilgrims trod;
"Unknown graves" they call them now—
Unknown save to God.

"Are they dead who silent lie
Where the snows drift deep?"
Resting where no foe molests,
They the watch-fires keep.
Wailing breezes seem to ask,
"Were their hopes in vain?"
They shall rise from sweet repose,
They shall live again.

Lydia D. Alder.

Thrift and Economy

By F. S. Harris, Ph. D., Director, Utah Agricultural Experiment Station

In these war times when a scarcity of food is so near to our own doors, many are reminded of the wise advice given by the leaders of the Utah pioneers. In those early days before the production of the land had reached its present degree of certainty and before the facilities for transporting food great distances were developed, it was necessary for each family to store supplies to last from one harvest to another; starvation many times faced those who did not prepare for the future. The leaders strongly advised all to be ready for a number of years of shortage.

.... Many of the frugal men of those early days have continued to the present time the practice of buying at harvest time enough flour, beans, and other staple foods to last the family till the next harvest. Some have kept two or three years of supplies on hand all the time. Most of the people, however, have drifted into the habit of living in a sort of hand-to-mouth fashion having only sufficient food on hand to last a day or a week and being entirely at the mercy of dealers.

Without considering the relative merits of these two methods of purchasing food during normal times, all must agree that in the present world crisis those who have prepared for the emergency are in a much better condition than those who may become victims of a food shortage. No one knows how long the war will last nor how long the balance in the food supply will be disturbed after the war is over. Of this we are certain: today millions of people in the world are under-nourished, and if the war continues, many more will have occasion to know what hunger means.

With millions of the world's food producers engaged in actual warfare, with millions more working to furnish the fighters with munitions and other war supplies, and with transportation and manufacturing facilities reserved for army purposes, some will have to suffer. The first to suffer will be those who depend for each day's supplies on a delivery from the grocery store. The far-sighted individuals who have taken the precaution to store the necessities in advance will be the last to suffer.

Hoarding food for speculation in this great crisis cannot be too strongly denounced. Those who would make merchandise of the nation's distress or who would extort from the poor high prices for commodities that have been withheld from the market

till a fabulous price could be obtained are altogether lacking in true patriotism.

The storing of food to meet the actual needs of the family is, on the other hand, an act of the highest patriotism. It tends to equalize the price of food throughout the year and reduces the likelihood of a food shortage in the country. If all the families would store a good supply of the necessities while they were abundant or while traffic conditions permit, the railroads would be free to serve the purposes of actual warfare if an emergency should arise. If none of the people have provisioned themselves in advance, the railroads will be kept busy supplying immediate wants during critical periods when they should be free to serve the government.

It is believed, therefore, that family welfare, national duty, and patriotism call on every family in the land to conserve most carefully all possible food and to store sufficient of the necessary foods to carry over what might be a period of very sore national distress.

Now that the season of production is here, let every family take the opportunity to supply itself with food for the season when there may be no surplus. Storage in the home is much better than storage in the bins of the speculator.

Logan, Utah

Parting

How swift the moments glide with those
Whom distance soon must separate;
And oh, how sootheless are the throes
Of parting! and how desolate
The heart doth feel, 'ere yet that word,
Faintly escapes the lips,—“Good-bye!”
Then, touch'd in Sorrow's inmost chord,
Affection's dew-drops dim the eye.

Where'er Affection binds the heart
And two souls drink the same as one,—
Oh, it is sad for them to part
And feel that solemn truth “Alone;”
Oft, oft will Memory's fancy flee,
As lightning's wing, to other lands
Athwart the bosom of the sea
Where tender tears bath'd parting hands.

'Tis sad to view the last faint breath
Depart from out the form we love,
To see the quivering throe of death
Unnerve the pulse no more to move;
Then pallied hue upon that cheek
Bespeaks too true what death hath done;
And Sorrow's whisper, mild and meek
With tears is heard—“departed, gone.”

Beaver, Utah

Josiah Rogerson

"The Making of an American"

By LeRoy Hafen

I speak today of a term that is comparatively new in the history of the world. It is an elastic symbol capable of a wealth of meaning. Its definition has not yet been fully written. The part thus far completed is glorious. It is written with a free, bold hand. The scroll upon which it is written has not been blotted. The eraser has never been used. The hand that has written is still writing, and over half of the space allotted remains to be filled.

The hand I speak of is not the hand of one statesman nor of one man of letters. It is more massive, more complex, and more sure. That hand is composed of the manhood that freed, founded, and fosters this great nation. Yes, the manhood of this nation is writing the definition of the term "American."

It is up to us and to succeeding generations to finish the writing. We can make the term mean what we want it to mean. Fellow citizens, we want the term American to signify the fullest and most perfect type of manhood the human race can attain. The making of that ideal American is up to us. It is our opportunity and our destiny. However, it is not the work of a day, but rather the mission of our age.

There must be a continuance of the patriotic spirit of '76, with its love of freedom and democracy. We must preserve in all its grandeur the family life as the initial and most fundamental step in the making of an American. The system of free popular education must be perpetuated and enlarged, and the curriculum fitted to the needs of growing Americans. We must retain the sturdiness of the frontiersmen and acquire the broadening effects of a liberal education. Our immigrants must be more thoroughly assimilated and schooled in our ideals.

The American type of today is a blend of various nationalities. In the making of an American let us incorporate the liberty of the Englishman, the sturdiness of the Scandinavian, the artistic sense of the French, and the efficiency of the German. In our great melting pot let us fuse together the various metals that come to us into an amalgum superior to any of the original ores; and that supreme product of the blast and crucible, God will call an American.

No one can be a true American who does not know his

country's glorious past. It is good to celebrate the anniversary of the promulgation of the Declaration of Independence. It is invigorating to hear and think of the achievements of the fathers of our Republic. The reading of the Declaration of Independence with its glow of freedom and equality of man sends a thrill through the American blood. The daring of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill, and the heroic persistence of Valley Forge speak to us with mighty force. The shout of Paul Revere rouses men to their duty. The bursts of patriotism from Patrick Henry, and the now silent voice of the liberty bell, speak alike to the generations that inherit their legacy.

It seems that this country was divinely selected as the cradle of liberty and of representative government. As early as 1765 the patriot James Otis said, "The flame of liberty is extinguished in Greece and in Rome, but the light of its glowing embers is still bright and strong on the shores of America." This nation was indeed, as Abraham Lincoln said at Gettysburg, "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

With all our just pride in the achievements of the past we must remember that the past is useless unless it functions for further progress. Noble ancestors are valuable when they stimulate us to live lives worthy of them. Edward Bulwer Lytton has well said:

"Let the past perish, let it sleep forever over the crumbling temples and desolate tombs, if it cannot afford us, from its degraded secrets, a guide for the future. It is nothing to know what we have been, unless it is with a desire of knowing what we ought to be. Our ancestors are mere dust and ashes save when they speak to our posterity; and then their voices resound not from the earth below, but from the heaven above. There is an eloquence in memory because it is a nurse of hope. There is a sanctity in the past, because of the chronicles it retains, chronicles of the progress of mankind, stepping stones in civilization, in liberty, and in knowledge. Our fathers forbid us to recede, they teach us what is our rightful heritage, they bid us reclaim, they bid us augment that heritage, preserve their virtue, and avoid their errors. These are the true uses of the past. Like some sacred edifice it is a tomb upon which to rear a temple."

We must look to the past, and then with renewed energy we shall look to the present and future. The thought of our ancestors and of our posterity is a stimulus that gives us courage and hope.

Problems as great as ever faced our nation are facing us today. Under the American banner has already been written freedom, opportunity, representative government, and equality of men. We have yet to write industrial freedom of the laboring classes, minimum of vice and crime, solution of the immigration and negro problems, a more perfect democracy, and permanent

international peace! The ship of state must be guided over stormy seas, with steady, strong hands. With the ideal of service to mankind vibrating in our beings we shall foster the American legacy of the past and hand it down more fully developed to the future. We shall gradually make that ideal American whom God is helping us to produce, and he shall consider all mankind his brothers and the whole world his workshop.

In making our contribution to the term American, let us write plainly and surely. Let us not blot the sacred parchment, nor write what succeeding generations must blushinglly erase. Let it be said of us: "They contributed much to the making of an American."

Bunkerville, Nev.

God of Nature

A dark, dreary forest of pine,
In whose heavy, pine-needled boughs
The laboring winds ever whine,
And deep murmuring whispers arouse.

A canyon 'midst snow-mounted peaks,
With giant cliffs, shadowing vales
Where grandeur in eloquence speaks,
And the forest its dampness exhales.

A night when no moon can be seen,
And turbulent storm-centered clouds
Shut heaven away as a screen,
And wrap earth in misty black shrouds.

A gash cut by slithering light,
In the canopying clouds of the sky,
Which roll back again into night,
To listen, spellbound, for earth's sigh.

A crash from the batteries of heaven,
A deep, rumbling echo, a roar,
And the thunder peals off to its haven,
Into corners on heaven's great floor.

A moment of ear-piercing stillness,
Then softly the rain settles down
And spangles the pine-needles dullness,
With jewels too grand for a crown.

O indolent, insolent creature!
O man—see these wonders of God!
You call them the products of Nature?
Why, Nature's the product of God!

St. Maries, Idaho.

W. S. Dunford.
Company B, 2nd Idaho Inf.

EDITORS' TABLE



A Message to the Soldier Boys of "Mormondom"

By President Joseph F. Smith

I avail myself of the opportunity, which seems to offer, to say a few words as the Spirit of the Lord may give me utterance. I sincerely hope that, by the assistance of the Spirit, I may be able to say what may be given to me, in a manner acceptable at least to the Lord. I have faith to believe that if what we say and what we do in the cause of Truth will be acceptable to the Lord, it will find favor in the hearts of his people everywhere.

Misfortune and Evil not Attributable to the Will of God

We have it enunciated in the revelations to Joseph the Prophet, in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, that the Lord is greatly displeased only with those who do not confess or acknowledge "his hand in all things and obey not his commandments." Many things occur in the world in which it seems very difficult for most of us to find a solid reason for the acknowledgment of the hand of the Lord. I have come to the belief that the only reason I have been able to discover by which we should acknowledge the hand of God in some occurrences is the fact that the thing which has occurred has been permitted of the Lord. When two men give way to their passions, their selfishness and anger, to contend and quarrel with each other, and this quarrel and contention lead to physical strife and violence between them, it has been difficult for me to discover the hand of the Lord in that transaction; other than that the men who thus disagree, quarrel and contend with each other, have received from God the freedom of their own agency to exercise their own intelligence, to judge between the right and the wrong for themselves, and to act according to their own desire. The Lord did not design or purpose that these two men should quarrel, or give way to their anger to such an extent that it would lead to violence between them and, perhaps, to bloodshed. God has never designed such a thing as that, nor can we charge such things to the Almighty. People become sick, suffer pain, sorrow

*Delivered at the Joint M. I. A. and Primary Conference, Sunday, June 10, 1917.

and anguish. They linger for months, and perhaps for years, in feebleness of body and of mind. The question arises in them: Why does the Lord suffer it? Is the hand of God in that suffering? Has God designed that person to suffer? Has he touched him with his hand of affliction? Has he caused the evil that has come to him? Too many of us are inclined to think, or lean toward the feeble thought, that the illness that comes to us, the afflictions that we suffer, the accidents that we meet with in life, and the troubles that beset us on our way in the journey of life, are attributable either to the mercy or the displeasure of God. Sometimes we are prone to charge God with causing our afflictions and our troubles; but if we could see as God sees, if we could understand as he understands, if we could trace the effects back to the cause, and that truly, by the spirit of correct understanding, we would unquestionably discover that our trouble, or suffering, or affliction is the result of our own indiscretion or lack of knowledge, or of wisdom. It was not the hand of God that put affliction and trouble upon us. The agency that he has given to us, left us to act for ourselves—to do things if we will that are not right, that are contrary to the laws of life and health, that are not wise or prudent—and the results may be serious to us, because of our ignorance or of our determination to persist in that which we desire, rather than to yield to the requirements which God makes of us. You may trace the downfall of the inebriate to his drunkenness. You may trace dishonor to dishonesty. You can trace visible results to the various known phases of our own conduct in life. “Thou shalt not steal” is the law of God. Yet men do not always observe the law, and the penalties and pains follow them as a natural sequence. The Lord has said, “Thou shalt not lie;” yet some men will not tell the truth, and do themselves great wrong, and in the end suffer the consequences. God has given to us certain rules by which we may eat food and be healthy, by which we may obtain life and strength; run and not be weary, and walk and not faint; but do we observe the law that the Lord has given, or the command that he has sent forth to his people in relation to these things? Far too many of the members of the Church have failed in this, who have lived for years—many of them since their childhood, in the very face of the law of God, by which we may eat and not be poisoned, by which we may drink and have health, by which we may enjoy light and intelligence, understanding and comprehending the promptings and inspiration of the Holy Spirit; laws by which we might shun evil, avoid anger, and strife, contention and hatred; love our neighbor, rather than hate him; and do good to our brother, rather than to persecute him or to do him an injury. The law of God, if obeyed by his children in the world, would produce

peace on earth and good will to man, throughout all the world. Then, when two men quarrel, the only thing I can see in it that can be charged to the hand of God is that God permits it. He has given you your agency, your freedom, and he holds you responsible for your acts. You will suffer the consequences of your own mistakes, of your own errors, though they bring sorrow, or sickness, or death! So, I acknowledge the hand of the Lord in this free agency that he has given to the children of men; but I acknowledge the hand of man in the consequences of his own acts, following his disobedience to the law of God. I do not charge the weaknesses, the mistakes or errors, the crimes and wickedness of men, and the evils that exist in the world, to God the Father, for he is not a God of evil, of wickedness, of strife, of anger, of sorrow, of sickness, and of imperfection; but I acknowledge that he has given to men the power to do good, and he has set before them the Truth, the knowledge of good and evil—in the law that he has promulgated to the world, by which mankind may follow the footsteps of the Son of God, who is without sin, who was perfect in life, and who set the example for all the world to follow if they would, and permitted them to take the opposite course, that of rebellion against the law of God, and suffer the consequences.

The Hand of God Striving with the Warring Nations

Would the nations of the earth, that are at war with each other be at war as they are, if the Spirit of God Almighty had pervaded their souls and moved and actuated them in their designs? No; not at all. Worldly ambition, pride, and the love of power, determination on the part of rulers to prevail over their competitors in the national games of life, wickedness at heart, desire for power, for worldly greatness, have led the nations of the earth to quarrel with each other and have brought them to war and self-destruction. I presume there is not a nation in the world today that is not tainted with this evil more or less. It may be possible, perhaps, to trace the cause of the evil, or the greatest part of it, to some particular nation of the earth; but I do not know. This I do believe, with all my heart, that the hand of God is striving with certain of the nations of the earth to preserve and protect human liberty, freedom to worship him according to the dictates of conscience, freedom and the inalienable right of men to organize national governments in the earth, to choose for themselves their own leaders; men whom they may select as standards of honor, of virtue and truth, men of wisdom, understanding and integrity; men who have at heart the well-being of the people who choose them to govern, enact and execute the law in righteousness. I believe that the Lord's hand is

over the nations of the world today, to bring about this rule and this reign of liberty and righteousness among the nations of the earth. He has some hard material to work with, too. He is working with men who never prayed, men who have never known God, nor Jesus Christ whom he hath sent into the world, and whom to know is life eternal. God is dealing with nations of infidels, men that fear not God, and love not the Truth, men who have no respect for virtue or purity of life. God is dealing with men who are full of pride and ambition; and he will find it difficult, I fear, to control them and lead them directly in the channel that he would have them pursue to accomplish his purposes; but he is striving to uplift. God is striving to bless, to benefit, to happify, to ameliorate the condition of his children in the world, to give them freedom from ignorance and a knowledge of him, to learn of his ways and to walk in his paths, that they may have his Spirit to be with them always, to lead them into all truth.

Soldiers for Liberty and Sound Government Must be Men of God

Therefore, when our boys and our maturer men are invited and chosen, selected and called, to go out to help to protect and defend these principles, we hope and pray, and we certainly have some reason to believe that there will be some, at least, from amidst the great family of mankind in the world, who will have some affinity with the Spirit of God and at least some desire, some inclination, to hearken to the whisperings of the still, small voice of the Spirit, that leadeth to peace and happiness, to the well-being and the uplifting of mankind in the world and to life eternal. When a Latter-day Saint, a man born, perhaps, and reared under the bond of the New and Everlasting Covenant of the gospel, enlists in the army of the United States, in the National Guard, which has been recommended here by President Penrose to you—and which I confirm and emphasize, because I think the citizens of the State should be united together, and the cities and the State should stand together and should have sympathy and fellowship for each other, more than they could expect to derive from those of other States and places, who are strangers and foreigners to them—that when our boys, thus born, are called into the army of the United States, I hope and pray that they will carry with them the Spirit of God, not the spirit of bloodshed, of adultery, of wickedness, but the spirit of righteousness, the spirit which leads to do good, to build up, to benefit the world, and not to destroy and shed blood.

Will the Men of "Mormondom" Forget God?

Remember the passage of scripture that was quoted here by President Lund, as related in the Book of Mormon, concern-

ing the pure young men that abjured war and the shedding of blood, lived pure and innocent, free from the contaminating thought of strife, of anger, of wickedness in their hearts; but when necessity required, and they were called to go out to defend their lives, and the lives of their fathers and mothers, and their homes, they went—not to destroy but to defend, not to shed blood but rather to save the blood of the innocent and of the unoffending, and the peace-lovers of mankind.

Will those men who go out from Utah, from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, forget their prayers? Will they forget God? Will they forget the teachings that they have received from their parents at home? Will they forget the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ and the covenants that they have made in the waters of baptism, and in sacred places? Or will they go out as men, in every sense—pure men, high-minded men, honest men, virtuous men, men of God? *That is what I am anxious about.*

I want to see the hand of God made manifest in the acts of the men that go out from the ranks of the Church of Jesus Christ and from the State of Utah, to help to defend the principles of liberty and sound government for the human family. I want to see them so live that they can be in communion with the Lord, in their camps, and in their secret places, and that in the midst of battle that they can say: "Father, my life and my spirit are in thine hand!"

I want to see the boys that go away from here in this cause, to go feeling just as our missionaries do when sent out into the world, carrying with them the spirit a good mother feels when she parts with her boy, on the morning of his departure for his mission. She embraces him with all the mother's love in her soul—!

I know how the mother feels for her boy when he goes away from home on a mission, where he will be in the midst of strangers, without friends, trying to preach the gospel to the world. She says to him: "My boy, I have taught you the principles of the gospel. I have taught you to pray to God, at my knees, from the time you were a child until you have reached manhood. I have taught you virtue. I have taught you honor. I have taught you to stand for the Truth, and to honor your father and your mother in the world, and by so doing honor the fathers and the mothers, and the daughters of all men, wherever you go. Never in your life think of defiling any man's wife, or daughter, any more than you would think of defiling your mother or your sister! Go out into the world from your home clean. Keep yourself pure and unspotted from the world, and you will be immune from sin, and God will protect you. You will be in his hands. Then, if anything should happen that would cost you

your life, you will lay it down in the service of humanity and of God. You would lay down your life pure and undefiled. Your spirit would ascend from that tenement of clay inhabited in this world, into the glorious presence of God, undefiled, uncontaminated, pure and clean as the spirit of a child just born into the world. Thus you would be acceptable to God, ready to receive your crown of glory and everlasting reward."

As True and Pure in the Army as on a Mission

So I would say, "My boy, my son, and your son, when you go out to face the disasters that are now afflicting the world, go out as you do on a mission, be just as good and pure and true in the army of the United States as you are in the army of the Elders of Israel that are preaching the gospel of love and peace to the world. Then, if you unavoidably fall a prey to the bullet of the enemy you will go pure as you have lived; you will be worthy of your reward; you will have proved yourself a hero, and not only a hero, but a valiant servant of the living God, worthy of his acceptance and of admission into the loving presence of the Father!"

It is in such things as this that we can see the hand of God. If our boys will only go out into the world this way, carrying with them the spirit of the gospel and the behavior of true Latter-day Saints, no matter what may befall them in life, they will endure with the best. They will be able to endure as much as anybody else can possibly endure of fatigue or of suffering, if necessary, and when they are brought to the test they will stand it! Because they have no fear of death! They will be free from fear of the consequences of their own lives. They will have no need to dread death, for they have done their work; they have kept the faith; they are pure in heart, and they are worthy to see God!

I have some feeling in these matters, for I have boys of my own, and I love my sons. They have grown up with me. They are mine! The Lord gave them to me. I expect to claim them, in the relationship of father and sons that exists between us, throughout all eternities that will come. I would rather see my sons shot down by the enemies of God and humanity, by those who are inimical to the freedom of the children of men, while defending the cause of Righteousness and Truth, a thousand times rather, than to see them die the vile death of sinners and of transgressors of the laws of God. While death in battle might be instantaneous, or it might linger, perhaps, to one whose cause is just it would be honorable; but the death that is caused by the transgressions of the laws of God, by the poison and sting of sin, is to be dreaded worse, a thousand times than to die sinless in defending the cause of Truth.

I don't want to see one of my boys lose the faith of the gospel of Jesus Christ. I don't want to see one of them deny Christ, the Son of the living God, the Savior of the world. I do not want one of them to turn his back upon the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith whose blood courses in their veins. I would rather see them perish in defending a cause of righteousness, a thousand times, while they are firm in the faith, than I would see them live to deny that faith and the God that gave them life! That is where I stand with reference to the matters that are facing us at this moment!

The Gospel a Shield from Terror

We hear about living in perilous times. We are in perilous times, but I do not feel the pangs of that terror. It is not upon me. I propose to live so that it will not rest upon me. I propose to live so that I shall be immune from the perils of the world, if it be possible for me to so live, by obedience to the commandments of God and to his laws revealed for my guidance. No matter what may come to me, if I am only in the line of my duty, if I am in fellowship with God, if I am worthy of the fellowship of my brethren, if I can stand spotless before the world, without blemish, without transgression of the laws of God, what does it matter to me what may happen to me? I am always ready, if I am in this frame of understanding, mind, and conduct. It does not matter at all. Therefore, I borrow no trouble nor feel the pangs of fear.

The Lord's hand is over all, and therein I acknowledge his hand. Not that men are at war, not that nations are trying to destroy nations, not that men are plotting against the liberties of their fellow creatures, not in those respects at all; but God's hand is not shortened. He will control the results that will follow. He will overrule them in a way that you and I, today, do not comprehend, or do not foresee, for ultimate good. He foresees the end as he foresaw that war should come upon all the nations of the world, and as the Prophet has declared it would. The Lord knew it would come. Why? Because he knew what the world was doing. He knew the trend of the spirit of men and of nations. He knew what the results would be, in time. He knew when the time would be, and the results that would be manifest, and so he declared it by the voice of his servants, the prophets; and now we see the fulfilment of the predictions made by the servants of God, as they were inspired to utter them, when they declared that the time would come to pass when war would be poured out upon all nations—not to fulfil the purposes of God, but the purposes of the nations of the earth in consequence of their wickedness. It may be a very difficult thing

for me, with the range of words that I possess, to express my thoughts and to explain my full intent; but I repeat to you that the Lord, God Almighty, is not pleased, nor was it his purpose or design, or intent, to foreordain the condition that the world is in today: nor did he do so. He foresaw what would come, by the conduct of men, by their departure from the Truth, by their lack of the love of God, and by the course that they should pursue, inimical to the well-being of his children. He foresaw what would be, but he had given them their agency, under which they are bringing it to pass. The results of it, eventually, will be overruled for the good of those who shall live after, not for the good of those that shall destroy themselves because of their wicked propensities and crimes.

The Time to Proclaim the True Gospel of Christ

Now is a time—never a better time since the organization of the Church, perhaps, never a better time since the death of the ancient apostles of Christ,—to proclaim to the world and make known to all men that which we have been taught by the voice of Jesus who spoke the truth and lied not, that which *must be* in order that men may enjoy eternal life. Now is the time to proclaim to the world the words of the Prophet Joseph Smith. God possesses a body of flesh and bone, as tangible as man. Joseph Smith proclaimed that. Christ himself proclaimed it, in his teachings, and in the example of his own existence. “He that hath seen me hath seen the Father,” he said. Why? Because He was in the express image of his Father’s person. Jesus Christ, the Son of God and the Savior of the world, is a man, possessing flesh and bones as tangible as man’s. “Come and feel of me,” he said; thrust your hand into the prints of the wounds of the nails and of the spear. Be not faithless but believing. “A spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have.” This was the doctrine declared by the Son of God himself. Joseph has revealed and restored to the world this knowledge possessed by the Son of God and his disciples, as far as they could comprehend him and his purposes—this knowledge—to know the true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, is life eternal.

Every Latter-day Saint possesses that knowledge. All Latter-day Saints who have reached the years of accountability and understanding ought to have the testimony of that truth in their hearts, and they ought to proclaim it to the world, that a knowledge of God may increase among the children of men, as well as the knowledge of the discoveries of science and the progress of the age in which we live. Knowledge is increasing throughout the world, with reference to material things; and all this knowledge that has been restored to the world through

science has been inspired of God; and, as it has been expressed and is often expressed, so I repeat again: The men who are led to wonderful discoveries are inspired by the Spirit of understanding that cometh from God, that giveth them light and knowledge; for there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding. So, Latter-day Saints acknowledge those men who discover how to control the lightning, how to control and utilize the power of steam that prevails so universally among men today, and all those who have discovered all the other secrets of nature, like the telegraph, the telephone and all other means of communication by which the voice of men may be conveyed over a wire, and now, of later times, through the atmosphere by means of wireless communication—all these discoveries are by the promptings of the Spirit of God that giveth to the mind and spirit of men understanding. Yet they will not confess or acknowledge the hand of God in it. I do.

So, in these things I acknowledge the hand of God in the increase of knowledge and wisdom and power that is so multiplied in the world today, over what it was in the days of my childhood. As this knowledge is growing and increasing among the children of men; so does it here among this little handful of people called the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Each member possesses the knowledge of the true God and Jesus whom he hath sent into the world—which knowledge is life eternal, because it will lead to obedience to all other truths and all other requirements made by the Spirit of God, of his children. Every Latter-day Saint should be a witness, and testify to the world of this truth, that the knowledge of God also may expand and extend to the children of men, that all men shall know the true God and Jesus whom he hath sent, whom to know is life eternal.

Now, I did not expect to occupy so much time; but in an unpremeditated and more or less disjointed way, I have expressed some of the deep feelings and sentiments of my heart, as I feel the Lord has revealed them unto me. I believe with all my soul in the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost; and I believe in the divine mission of the Son, as the Savior of the world, and in the divinity of the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith, who was chosen in his childhood to restore to the world the knowledge of Truth, as it is necessary for men to know it; who was chosen to restore the authority of the Holy Priesthood, by which the ordinances of the gospel of Jesus Christ may be administered in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, with power unto life eternal. I believe it.

God bless you, and help us all to believe it, and to live by it, and be faithful to it, is my prayer. Amen.

In Defense of Freedom*

By President Anthon H. Lund

It is an inspiring sight to see so many here this afternoon belonging to the organizations of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutuels, and the Primaries. I have enjoyed the remarks of President Penrose, and I know that the counsel he has given will be for the good of our young people.

War in Nearly All Nations

We live in a time that is very rich in events, and we see the signs of the times fulfilling. It was said that war should be poured out on all nations. The other day I looked at a globe representing the earth, and turning it around I found that the spirit of war had been poured out upon almost all nations. We do not know how soon it will be ended.

The Latter-day Saints a Peaceful People

We are a people who love peace. We love not war, but we know there are times when even war may bring blessings unto the people. In olden time when Joshua led the Israelites into the Holy or Promised Land, the Lord had seen the wickedness of the inhabitants. Hundreds of years before Joshua's time this land had been promised to Abraham for his descendants, but it was necessary, in order to obtain the inheritance promised them, to carry on war, and we find that where they did not do this to the extent that the Lord had commanded, but spared some of the cities peopled by the Canaanites, it proved a curse unto them.

A Wonderful Instance of Protection

In the Book of Mormon we read of a certain people who were so disgusted with war that they made a covenant that they would not again go to war. When their enemies came upon them, they did not want to break their covenant, and yet before them was the prospect of annihilation. There were two thousand young men among them who had grown up since the covenant was made, and these felt that they were doing the right thing to go in defense of their fathers and mothers and their land. The Lord blessed them in a remarkable manner, so that they did their duty fearlessly and attacked and defeated the enemy. On their return it was found that none of their numbers was missing. This was a wonderful instance of the protection of the Lord.

The Spirit of Freedom Working in the Nations

We have never thought that the time would come when this land would engage in war in Europe, but the time has come. We have seen whole nations laid prostrate before their enemies, and have seen some of these people taken from their homes into slavery, their beautiful palaces destroyed, and heavy taxes laid upon them, though innocent of any offense against the power that attacked them. When you see two men fighting, you want to separate them, and if the one be smaller than the other, you are likely to take his side against the larger; and likewise, as nations are entities, the United States cannot stand impassive and see the abuse, the oppression and

*Remarks made at the M. I. A. and Primary Conference, June 10, 1917.

tyranny that have been inaugurated against not only one nation, but others, because they were not able to defend themselves. Where will it end if might is to be right, if men filled with desire of conquest and of increasing their power can do as they please with their neighbors? The people of the United States feel that they ought to defend the freedom of mankind; and furthermore they believe in the right of men to govern themselves and not to be subject to an autocratic government. I believe that the spirit of freedom is working among nations. Russia has been ruled by an autocrat, so that the people had nothing to say in the management of their government. They have cast off despotism. I fear that, having been so long oppressed, they are hardly able to govern themselves, but I hope there will be leaders strong enough to lead them, so that they may overcome the elements of disunity and ignorance, and that they may establish a government there of the people, and for the people.

Our Young Men Will Do Their Duty

Now we are called upon to send our young men over to help the oppressed. It is not only the love we have for our fellow beings that makes us do this, but also the wisdom of seeing that we ourselves may be protected against the power that seeks to govern and rule, whether the people want to be ruled or not. I am glad to see so many here, and as far as our young men are concerned, I know that they will do their duty, that they will not be found lacking, whether it be to go to war or to stay at home, attending to those things that will build up the people here. I believe that in whatever circumstances they may be placed, they will continue faithful.* I hope that the foundation of faith laid in their hearts will not be shaken, and that they will go as God-fearing young men, not influenced by the evils and temptations that generally attend warring armies, but that they will carry out what they have learned in their youth, and set such an example before others that they will be looked upon as indeed sons of God-fearing parents and young men that want to do right.

May God bless them, and may the associations of the Young Men, the Young Ladies, and the Primaries and Religion Classes continue to prosper and help our youth to form such characters that they may be able to withstand the trials and temptations that come in life. May the Lord bless these organizations and those who are called to lead and guide them, I ask in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Where and Under What Spirit to Enlist*

By President Charles W. Penrose

This assembly to me is a most beautiful sight, and the influence present gladdens my heart. It opens to me, to some extent, a vision of the future of this Church with which we are associated, and in which we have the privilege of membership. For, while it is true that a few of our young people are headstrong and wilful and sometimes rebellious, and err and stray from the strait and narrow path, yet, as I have often said, I am convinced that the great majority of our young people have the spirit, not only of their birth, their ancestry—those who embraced the gospel and have passed through many scenes of suffering because of it, and who have “sown in tears but are reaping now in joy”—but that they have within them a testimony of the truth and a desire for righteousness, a desire to do good, to abstain

*Remarks made at the M. I. A. and Primary Conference, June 10, 1917.

from evil, to follow in the footsteps of their faithful parents, to serve the Lord and keep his commandments and aid in building up the great latter-day work which our heavenly Father has commenced on the earth in fulfillment of the sayings of ancient and modern prophets. So, I am encouraged today in looking upon this vast assembly, composed largely of our young people, members of the Mutual Improvement and Primary Associations, young men and young women, and boys and girls who are associated with the auxiliary organizations, which have been established under the inspiration of the Lord for the training of the younger members of our community in righteousness, in truth, in a knowledge of the principles of eternal life, revealed in the gospel of Jesus Christ, as restored to earth in these latter days.

An Inspiring Prospect

I am glad in my soul today to feel the conviction that the young members of our community will move forward to the places designed for them, and take up the work commenced by their fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers and carry it on to a glorious victory, the consummation so devoutly to be wished—the establishment of the kingdom of God to be paramount in the earth, that the kingdoms of this world may become the kingdom of our God and of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the rightful King, and who will come in power and glory and reign from pole to pole and from shore to shore. I am thankful for the convictions in my soul in regard to the future of this work. Like many of my brethren around me, and some of my sisters here, I have labored for many years in this great cause, and each succeeding year brings stronger testimony of its divinity, of its absolute truth, because it has been established, not by the power of man, but by the power and through the revelations of the Most High God, through Jesus Christ, our Redeemer. So I am assured, more and more, that the time will come when we shall not only be better understood by our fellow creatures in the world, who are not of our faith, but that the power of the holy priesthood, revealed from on high, will be exercised to establish righteousness and bring about that glorious peace foreseen by the poets and sages and prophets of old. And today I am thankful to God that I have the privilege of looking upon this vast assembly of our young people engaged in the work of mutual improvement and in learning the primary lessons of the gospel of Christ.

In Enlisting, Join the National Guard of Utah

I did not arise, however, to occupy time in preaching, I did not expect to say anything this afternoon, but a request has been made by the Governor of this State, represented by the Secretary of State, Harden Bennion, the governor now being absent, that those of our young men who desire to enlist in sustaining the movement made by the Government of the United States for the protection of human liberty, for the establishment of freedom in the place of despotism and militarism and tyranny, shall be able to see the advantages indeed, of joining the National Guard of Utah in the service of the United States. There are a great many reasons that might be given for this, but I do not expect to take up time in enlarging upon them, but hope that every young man who desires to do something in this line for the advancement of liberty and the establishment of good government and the overturning of misrule throughout the world, will see the benefit of being associated with brethren and friends, of being under the direction of officers from our own midst, men of Utah, most of them men belonging to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, of being associated with men of the same faith and the same desires and the same grand intents.

Spirit in Which Young Men Should Enter the Service

None of our young brethren, I hope, have the least desire to go forth into the world to shed human blood. That is not a part of our faith, nor our aim and object in the world. We want to establish peace but sometimes peace has to be obtained through war. This cruel war has not been entered upon, as I understand it, by the authorities of the United States for the purpose of making conquest, obtaining an extension of territory or acquiring property, but rather in the spirit of sacrifice, to do good, to defend our liberties and to extend the blessings of freedom to every nation that is oppressed. And going forth in that spirit they can do it under the influence of the Holy Ghost, they can do it under the direction of good men and for good and wise purposes. Our heavenly Father established this government in this way: He inspired wise men, great men, strong men, to lay the foundations of this government on eternal, righteous, principles. The principles that underlie the Constitution of the United States and are set forth in the Declaration of Independence are God-given. I do not mean to say that they were entirely original with the men who wrote those instruments, for truth is eternal, without beginning and without end, and the principles embodied in those instruments are absolute truth, and these men were inspired of God to embody them in the nation of which we form a part as a State in the Union, for the benefit of all mankind, "*all flesh*," as we read in the Doctrine and Covenants, so that truth and liberty and the protection of human rights and the freedom of every individual to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience might be preserved, and go forth to all nations, eventually, through the influence and power of this governmental institution which God has set up, that light and truth and liberty shall prevail, and tyranny and oppression be overcome, and all mankind made free to unite together according to just and righteous principles to serve God according to the dictates of their own consciences unmolested. Now, in going forth in this spirit our young men will be doing no harm unless they engage in something that is vicious and evil, is contrary to the doctrines of the Church to which they belong, contrary to the principles of our faith; for the doctrines of this Church inculcate purity of life, purity of conduct, enjoining just as much purity in the male as in the female, and if our young men go forth in the spirit of purity of life, righteousness of conduct, with a good example for others to follow, and have in their hearts, not a desire for conquest and to shed human blood, but to protect our country and to carry to other countries the principles of freedom which we look upon as paramount, they will be under the influence and power of Almighty God, and be able to accomplish a great and mighty work and they will in no wise lose their reward.

Loyal to God, Country and Home

Now, the chief point, then, that I wish to present to our young men in this congregation today is the desire of the Governor and his associates in this state that the number required to be raised in the National Guard of Utah shall be obtained, and the plan shall be effected, and that Utah will be able to stand in the roster of States having the proper number, according to the lists made out for the respective State organizations and will not be behind in any good work. We desire to show, for a fact, that notwithstanding reports that have been circulated, concerning the people of Utah and particularly the Latter-day Saints—the "Mormon" people—that we are loyal to our Government, as we desire to be, first of all, loyal to our God and to the truths which He has revealed. We want to stand shoulder to shoulder with other good citizens of the United States in maintaining the principles of our Government and in defending this nation, in association with other nations that are assailed, in the maintenance of truth and liberty for the benefit of all mankind. That is the spirit of it.

Why Join the National Guard?

Now, then, the desire is that the proper number shall be raised and that our young men who desire to enlist in the armies of the United States shall make the preference of enlisting in the National Guard of Utah. They will have their own officers, they will be associated with men of their own kind, they will be much freer from contamination and the temptations which overcome a great many who enter into the armies and navies of the world, and be able to maintain their purity, their standing as members of the Church, and to do good work as members of the Mutual Improvement Association to which they belong.

The Spirit of Right Living

Now, I thank the Lord for this sight this afternoon, for the beautiful music that we have heard, for the good spirit that is here, for the splendid reports that I have heard of the meetings of this conference at all its sessions, and for the earnest desire made manifest by the young men and young ladies of our community to enlist in the great cause of human redemption, of mutual improvement, to help one another to do right, to overcome wrong, to live according to the laws of God Almighty, to live in accordance with the laws of their country, to maintain the rights and privileges of all people, that the time may come when everybody on the face of the earth shall be free; free to do right, free to serve God, to carry out their own convictions of right, so long as they do not interfere with the convictions of other people, and to prepare the way for the coming of him whose right it is to reign—Jesus the Christ, the “Only Begotten of the Father” in the flesh, our Elder Brother in the spirit, with whom we are associated in this great work of the latter days which he has set up. May God continue to pour out his Spirit upon this conference, and may his blessing attend every effort that is being made for the accomplishment of the purposes I have briefly alluded to, I ask, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

 Utah Pioneers

A month or two ago the *Improvement Era* offered twenty-five dollars as a prize for the best essay on the Utah Pioneers. The offer was extensively advertised in the universities and high schools, and a great many made applications for information relating to the matter. However, only six essays were received by the time set, June 1. The committee to whom these were referred report to the *Improvement Era* that not one of these is suitable or up to the standard for publication in the magazine. Careful thought had not been given to the idea, and in every case the form, or development, of the essay was faulty, and without distinctive purpose. We have therefore returned the essays and will make a further attempt in the future to obtain the subject matter that we desire. The object of the offer was to encourage essay-writing, and give opportunity for young people over eighteen and under twenty-five years of age to show their appreciation of the Pioneers of Utah by a definite thought. We regret that the response has been so limited. While the efforts re-

ceived are appreciated they are scarcely up to the standard that the *Improvement Era* desires, and we further believe that they are not as good as even the authors who have sent them can make them.

M. I. A. Conference

The June conference of the M. I. A. was among the most successful that has ever been held in the Church. The interest was kept awake from beginning to end. The Boy Scouts and Beehive Girls gave demonstrations on Thursday night, which were completely successful, and the interest was kept up from that time until the closing prayer on Sunday night at the joint meeting of the M. I. A. and Primary Associations. The songs were inspiring, the subjects were of a living interest, and all were given with enthusiasm and in a clearness that none could fail to understand. Among the most important was the great speech of President Joseph F. Smith, on Sunday afternoon, and those of his counselors, President Anthon H. Lund and Charles W. Penrose. All three of these are published in this number of the *Improvement Era*. They are messages that cover the needs of the day. Their counsel and advice to our boys and young men who go out to join the army is of vital importance and of incalculable advantage. They should be read, re-read, and circulated freely among the young men who have enlisted in the National Guard and in the army of the United States.

Additional details of our conference proceedings, particularly of the activities of the M. I. A. for the coming season, will be given in the *Era* for August. A number of interesting items are given in this number, under "Mutual Work."

Messages from the Missions

Street Meetings Permitted

George E. Weatherston, Plain City, Utah, writing from Muncie, Indiana, says: "Mae Earl of Mt. View, Canada, and Lucy Clayson of American Fork, Utah, and myself, are meeting with success in this district. The people are anxious to receive our literature and to learn more about 'Mormonism.' We have left many books with the people, including Books of Mormon and also tracts and other books, and through these have made many friends whom we now can visit, and who enjoy having us explain the gospel and sing the songs of Zion, which we do gladly. The lady missionaries are having success in the Relief Society, and are gaining new members continually. Our Sunday school and preaching service, which we hold at the home of the Saints and friends, are well attended. We are now permitted to hold street meetings in this town, which the missionaries have not been

able to do before for several years past. We read the *Era* with much interest. We are grateful for the success that we are having."

Bookkeeping Class, Maori Agricultural College

Arthur W. Wilkinson sends the *Era* the above portrait of one of the Church school classes in New Zealand. These bright young men are making excellent progress and are studying the same up-to-date bookkeeping



methods as are taught in the Church schools of this state. Many of them contemplate finishing their education in the Church schools of Utah. The Maori Agricultural College is located at Hastings, New Zealand.

Missionaries See the Great Buddha

The missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints laboring in Japan met about two months ago and held a very interesting and profitable conference. There were ten sessions held, besides the regular Sunday meetings and priesthood meetings. At four of these sessions Elder Talmage's valuable work, *Jesus the Christ*, was considered. Each missionary gave a 30-minute talk covering about 55 pages of the work. It was necessarily a brief consideration of the work, but served as an introduction to a more thorough study to be taken up individually. The remaining sessions were devoted to the discussion of the conditions and necessities of the mission.

A slight departure from the usual was taken during the conference when the missionaries went for a one-day's trip to Kamakura and Enoshima, two scenic spots just about thirty-two miles from Tokyo. At the former is the Daibutsu or Great Buddha, the second largest in Japan. It represents Amida and stands on an elevated site sheltered by hills and overshadowed by lofty pines and cryptomerias. The height of the bronze image is about 50 feet. The length of the face is $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet and from knee to knee it measures 36 feet. The features of the great image are very good considering the

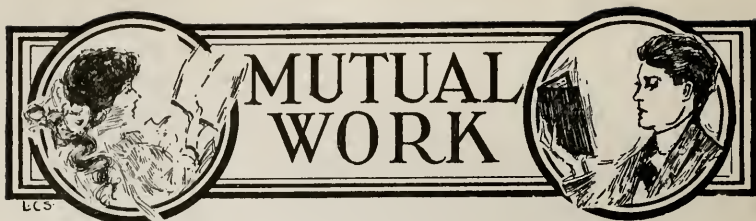


great size. In the picture the missionaries are standing in front of the Buddha. They are, from left to right: Harold Kingsford, C. Ralph Amott, Sister Lillian L. Broadbent, George A. Turner, Val. W. Palmer, Bryan L. Wright. Middle row: Varsall L. Cowley, J. Vernon Adams, Sister Ei Nachie, President Joseph H. Stimpson and Sister Mary E. Stimpson, Sister Pearl M. Lee and child. Bottom row: Jos. Ray Stoddard, President Stimpson's child, and A. Ray Olpin.

From Kamakura they went to the seashore and ate their lunch, and then went on to Enoshima, or Picture Island. This little island is separated from the mainland in high tide, and then it must be reached by a pile bridge about three hundred yards long. The island is only about 1.3 miles in circumference, but is covered with little shops and scenic spots. In the shops all kinds of shells and things made of shells are sold. After going around the island all returned to Tokyo having had a very enjoyable outing.

The conference as a whole has resulted in much good for the work here. The reports that have come in since conference all show that the missionaries are doing all that they can to spread the truth. During the last month a good record has been made in the distribution of tracts, and prospects are that this good work will continue.

The missionaries all enjoy reading the *Era* and await its arrival anxiously. Nearly every number is read from cover to cover, and therefore we know that it contains good, uplifting material.



Winners of the Reading Course Books

The Deseret Sunday School Union and the Deseret News Book stores each offered a complete set of the reading course books for 1916-17 to the two ward joint Mutual Improvement Associations getting the highest or greatest number of points for reading for the year, in proportion to the enrolled number of members in the wards. Forty-three stakes reported their two wards which had the highest number of points, making eighty-six wards in competition. The two wards which won are Daniels and Midway, both of Wasatch stake. The former ward has an enrollment of fifty, and made 1,683 points, or 33.6 per cent. The second has an enrollment of 71, and made 1,780 points, or 25 per cent. The two sets of books offered by the two book stores named, will go one set each to these two wards.

For the present season of 1917-18, the two wards getting the highest number of points for reading, per enrollment, will also be given a complete set of the reading course by each of the book stores named.

The Reading Course

The reading course for the year beginning June 1, 1917, and ending April 1, 1918, is as follows:

1. *The New Testament*.
2. *Coniston*—Churchill.
3. *Laddie*—Porter.
4. *The Three Things*—Andrews.
5. *Men Who Made Good*—Farris.
6. *Life of Thomas A. Edison*—Wheeler.
7. *Florence Nightingale*—Richards.
8. *Snowbound*—Whittier.
9. *How to Get Ahead*—Atwood.

Complete set, postpaid, cash with order, \$5.65, at the Deseret Sunday School Union, and the Deseret News Book stores, Salt Lake City, Utah.

These books represent the fields of (1) religion, (2, 3) fiction, (4) moral story, (5) inspirational biographical sketches, (6) achievements in science and (7) accomplishments in service, (8) poetry, (9) thrift and economy, making an engaging and wide field of profitable reading for those who take up the course.

The course was first begun in 1905-1906; for that year, 750 persons in the Y. M. M. I. A. read one or more of the two books then adopted, *viz.*, *John Halifax* and *Rasselas*. In 1916-1917 there were 7,925 young men, according to the General Secretary's annual report, who read one or more of the eleven books of that year's course.

It is estimated from the scoring report that many thousands of persons must have read one or more books of the 1916-17 course including both young men and young women, as the course is now joint. A total of 177,247 points in the special activities were scored on the reading course in the sixty-four stakes reporting. There were eight stakes not reporting in this activity, and these also must have had a large additional number of readers.

Senior Public Speaking Contest

The preliminary tryouts for the Senior public speaking contest in the M. I. A. conference in June, were held on Friday afternoon, June 8. The following are the entries made and the Church districts represented. The winner from the Church district, his or her address, and the title of the speech is also given.

District No. 13, Yellowstone stake; winner, Eva Hix, St. Anthony; subject, "War for Honor."

District No. 9, Liberty stake; Horace Knowlton, Thirty-first ward, Salt Lake City; subject, "Will Permanent Peace Ever Come?"

District No. 3, Union stake; winner, Blanche Black, care D. B. Stoddard, LaGrande, Ore; subject, "Fellowship."

District No. 8, Weber stake; winner, Florence Doxey, 3085 Pacific Ave., Ogden; subject, "Internationalism."

District No. 10, Utah stake; winner, Earl R. Gronemann, Sixth ward, Provo; "America's Perilous Position."

District No. 12, Parowan stake; winner, Durham Morris; subject, "Labor Opens the Door."

District No. 6, Bear Lake stake; winner, Ira N. Hayward, Paris, Ida.; subject, "A League to Enforce Universal Peace."

District No. 7, Benson stake; winner, LeRoy Fuink, Richmond; subject, "The Aim of Life."

District No. 16, Duchesne stake; winner, Mary E. Smith, Mt. Emmons; subject, "Why is the United States at War with Germany?"

The winners in the Friday try-out were from District No. 13, Eva Hix, St. Anthony, Ida., and Ira N. Hayward, District No. 6, Paris, Ida.

The final winner was Ira N. Hayward, of Paris, Idaho, the title of his paper being "A League to Enforce Universal Peace." No more entertaining nor intellectual feast could have been anticipated than was enjoyed in these tryouts. Each of the nine contestants was well prepared, and the speeches were delivered with energy and feeling. Regrets were expressed by many of those who heard them that more than one could not have been awarded some recognition. In the sixty-two stakes that reported on public speaking, 13,484 points had been made, and it is estimated that all together, leading up to the finals, 5,319 addresses had been delivered, by as many young people.

The public speaking contest will be continued as the one activity that will come up to the grand finals at the next June conference, for the year 1917-18, and we trust that many more young people in all parts of the Church will become active in this contest, not only because of its interest but because of its value to those who take part. We congratulate the Mutual Improvement Associations upon the splendid showing made in this particular activity.

General Improvement Fund

The secretary's report for the year ending May 31, 1917, shows \$5,377.85 received on the fund for the year 1917.

The disbursements for the same time amounted to \$5,907.67, leaving a deficit for this year of \$529.82 which, added to the deficit from last year of \$1,676.94, makes a total deficit, May 31, 1917, of \$2,206.76.

The receipts for the past year from the General Fund showed a decrease of \$43.53 compared with the previous year.

The following stakes paid 100 per cent or more in General Fund: that is, each member enrolled paid the full amount of his dues or more. It is fair to note that a large number of the stakes obtained all that was

possible by donation, and then afterwards raised the fund through public entertainments:

1. Snowflake	117.5	8. Blackfoot	100
2. North Davis	117	9. Box Elder	100
3. Bingham	116	10. Cassia	100
4. Idaho	114	11. Ensign	100
5. Raft River	110	12. Salt Lake	100
6. San Juan	109	13. Uintah	100
7. Moapa	104	14. Yellowstone	100

The following stakes reached 80 per cent or over: Big Horn, 94.3; Curlew, 83.4; Fremont, 82; Liberty, 90.1; Ogden, 80.2; Shelley, 89.7.

The following stakes reached 50 per cent and over: Alberta, 59.6; Bannock, 72.9; Bear Lake, 55; Cache, 56.1; Carbon, 78.6; Deseret, 73.5; Duchesne, 68.1; Hyrum, 70; Millard, 59.8; Morgan, 66.4; North Weber, 67.8; Oneida, 78.7; Pioneer, 77; Pocatello, 74.9; Rigby, 61.3; St. George, 63.5; St. Johns, 75.6; St. Joseph, 65.8; Sevier, 53.7; South Davis, 56.7; Summit, 58; Taylor, 54.7; Union, 58.1; Utah, 73.3; Wasatch, 71; Wayne, 74.7.

The following stakes fell under 25 per cent of the full amount: Malad, 14.4; Boise, 14.7; Juab, 15.6; Tooele, 20; Emery, 21.1; South Sanpete, 22.5. Juarez and Portneuf did not report.

The Church Pennant Awarded to Wasatch

Wasatch stake received the Church pennant for scoring in special activities for the season 1916-17. Wasatch stake had a joint enrollment of 669—332 in the Y. M. M. I. A., and 337 in the Y. L. M. I. A.. This joint enrollment made a scoring of 13,404 points in special activities, or 20 per cent as per enrollment. The pennant was awarded to that stake on Saturday evening, June 9, at the final tryout in Salt Lake City. Stake Superintendent, Y. M. M. I. A., Charles N. Broadbent; Stake President Y. L. M. I. A., M. Josephine Broadbent.

The Improvement Era

We desire to congratulate the officers of the Y. M. M. I. A. for the splendid work which they have done in securing circulation for the *Improvement Era*. Volume 20, now running, has an increase over last year of 543 subscribers, notwithstanding a number of the stakes fell down in their efforts to canvas the wards completely for the magazine. However a great many of the stakes and wards did themselves proud in this respect. It is a fact that if the canvassers would go out immediately at the proper time, the matter of obtaining subscriptions could be done in three or four days in every ward. All that we ask is that some live and sympathetic person who is thoroughly converted to the value of the *Improvement Era*, should visit every family in the ward and ask them to subscribe for the magazine. This will not only serve our purpose, but it will place the association upon the efficiency report and in this respect their duty will have been accomplished.

It is the general experience of those who have tried it that the required number may be obtained easily by this method. Nearly everyone is favorable to our magazine, and especially those who have seen it and read it in the past. They need only to be asked, and they will subscribe or renew.

We trust that this fall, beginning with October, that our association members will make it a point to fulfil this obligation resting upon them, promptly and with spirit.

The *Improvement Era* has spent upwards of \$40,000 in distributing magazines to the missionaries in the world, thus spreading the word of the Lord and accomplishing good for the Latter-day Saints. This has been accomplished through the energetic help which our officers have so freely rendered to the magazine. We have also been enabled to assist in the matter of employing field secretaries for the scouts and for special activities, among the associations, by the help of an accumulated small surplus; and we were enabled, as announced and approved by the General Board and stake superintendents and officers at our June conference, to subscribe \$5,000 for Liberty bonds, thus helping the Government our "bit" in the present crisis. For the coming volume we hope to make the *Era* as attractive as it is possible to do with the means at hand, and with the ability that we possess. We depend upon receiving the hearty co-operation of all our officers, thus insuring increased success during the coming year. It must be remembered by our officers that our expenses have practically doubled for paper, for the past year, so that we are not in a position to slacken our efforts in the matter of obtaining subscriptions for the year to come, but rather we should increase our efforts and place the magazine thoroughly upon its feet. We print below a statement of the percent of the Church population obtained in each of the twenty-five stakes which led in subscriptions for the *Era*:

Stakes Having 5% or More in Era Subscriptions, Volume 20

1. Alberta	7.81	8. St. Johns	5.37
2. Snowflake	7.44	9. Curlew	5.24
3. Juarez	6.04	10. Shelley	5.15
4. Idaho	5.79	11. Big Horn	5.14
5. Raft River	5.72	12. Oneida	5.01
6. Bingham	5.46	13. Box Elder	5.00
7. Taylor	5.39	14. Uintah	5.00

Stakes Having from 4% to 5% in Era Subscriptions, Volume 20

1. Kanab	4.85	7. Carbon	4.51
2. Cassia	4.77	8. Blackfoot	4.38
3. Union	4.72	9. Bannock	4.32
4. Deseret	4.66	10. Wasatch	4.25
5. Hyrum	4.66	11. Moapa	4.09
6. San Juan	4.56		

Statistics

There are 745 Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations in the stakes of the Church, out of which number 675 have both senior and junior classes. There are 36,918 members in the permanent enrollment. In the active enrollment there are 18,446 seniors and 11,909 juniors. According to the secretary's report there are 23,792 boys and men between the ages of 12 and 45 who are not enrolled; 1,128 members are away from home attending school, and 664 are away upon foreign missions. During the year, 33,714 meetings were held, with an average attendance of 16,908. In debating there was an increase of 378 debates, and a total of 594 debates during the season. Other special activities showed a marvelous increase all along the line.

In class work, among the junior classes, there were 1,330 who passed the first year's course; 613 who passed the second year's course, and 656 who passed the third year's course.

There are 450 libraries, an increase of 19 during the season. There are 6,722 reading course books in these libraries, 8,166 other books, and 2,394 pamphlets, making a total of 17,282 books and pamphlets in the libraries, which is an increase over last year of 5,207.

The stake officers made 3,229 visits during the year, or 39 more than the previous year.

There were 187 membership committees who were actively engaged in work in the various stakes which is an increase of 57 over last year.

There were 163 committees on vocations and industry, an increase over last year of 28. This department of our work will be materially enhanced in the coming year with the new book that is being published by the association entitled *The Man of Tomorrow*, a discussion of vocational success with the boy of today. This book, it is expected, will be ready for distribution before the beginning of our next year's work and will be a splendid aid to vocation counselors as well as to the boys for whom it is written.

Officers' attention is called to the very low number of active membership committees. We trust that this division of our work will receive more attention in the coming season, so that we may increase our membership, and get the efficient number in every ward throughout the Church, namely, ten per cent of the Church population; and, of course, it is not intended that we shall stop there. But our purpose is that we get all the young men who should belong to these organizations that they may receive the benefits accruing from membership in them.

Membership Enrollment in the Y. M. M. I. A.

During the past season, the Y. M. M. I. A. have labored with diligence to obtain at least ten per cent of the Church population of each ward in the Church as members in the association of the wards. How far the organization has been successful in achieving this purpose is shown from the following report of stakes that have ten per cent or more of the members in the stake enrolled in the Y. M. M. I. A.:

1. San Juan	15.5	14. Raft River	11.7
2. Bear River	14.6	15. Bear Lake	11.4
3. Cassia	13.5	16. Wayne	11.2
4. St. George	13.5	17. Oneida	11.0
5. St. Johns	13.4	18. Shelley	10.9
6. Moapa	13.2	19. Malad	10.8
7. Portneuf	12.7	20. Bannock	10.7
8. Big Horn	12.3	21. Alberta	10.6
9. Idaho	12.3	22. Duchesne	10.6
10. Curlew	12.1	23. Snowflake	10.5
11. Maricopa	12.0	24. Deseret	10.3
12. Star Valley	11.9	25. South Davis	10.0
13. Morgan	11.7		

The Church average enrollment in all the stakes is 8.25% of the population. The effort to obtain 10% all around did not succeed last year, but in the year that is to follow a successful effort must be made to obtain efficiency in enrollment and membership. Not much is lacking, only 1.75% additional. Officers throughout the Church will take notice of this, and set about to make a campaign that will bring the required enrollment for the year to come. We recognize the fact that the war will make this a little more difficult, since many of our young men will probably be enrolled among the soldiers of the nation. But it must be remembered that there are many boys who should be enrolled in our organization the coming year

who were not of age at the last enrollment. The age of enrollment in the Y. M. M. I. A. is from twelve years up. Let us get to work early.



Scenes in the Corn and Bean Campaign. Oscar A. Kirkham, Field Secretary Y. M. M. I. A., assisted by Chauffeur R. T. Sloan, who furnished the automobile gratis, conducted a corn and bean campaign in April and May. Stakes between Oneida, Idaho, and Sevier, Utah, were visited, and between five and six hundred entries of one-eighth of an acre were signed by boys who were personally visited and instructed, and to whom seed was delivered for planting at actual cost. Two hundred dollars in prizes will be given by the *Improvement Era*, for the greatest yield per unit.

Books

We have received a volume of *School and College Credit for Outside Bible Study*, by Clarence Ashton Wood, published by the World Book Company, Chicago and New York. This book sets forth in an interesting manner the result of the author's investigation concerning the problem of religious education. Complete information is given concerning the growth of the movement for granting academic credit by elementary and high schools and colleges for serious Bible study which is carried on outside of school, in churches, Sunday schools, or Young Men's or Young Women's Associations of all creeds. In this book educational and religious workers who believe that a real knowledge of the Bible is a necessary part of school training will find much indispensable information; and all laymen interested in the religious education of young people, will derive great satisfaction from a consideration of the facts set forth in the work. The book also presents suggestions as to the best mode of procedure to secure state or municipal action in this important movement. On the whole, the work is a valuable ready reference of an interesting kind.

PASSING EVENTS

The Y. M. M. I. A. have fourteen wards entered in the Church contest for the 5-acre spring wheat contest; and 28 wards in the one-acre potato contest.

The selective draft, by which an army of 500,000 people will be chosen from the registration of June 5, will begin on the first of July in Salt Lake City. It is expected that the draft then made will be called into active service about September 1.

Lord Northcliffe, head of the British war mission, arrived in New York June 11. His work will be more commercial than diplomatic. He was accompanied by a staff of military men, and proceeded to Washington to begin his work at once.

American aviators to the number of one hundred arrived in France on June 8. They were among the first of the American fighting forces to reach that country. They are from the American navy flying corps, and are ready for any duty that may present itself.

The American steel ship "Mongolia" reported, through her captain, John Rice, says an Associated Press dispatch from London, that his ship sunk a German submarine April 26. The gunners made a clear hit at the range of a thousand yards. This is referred to as the first shot of the United States, in the Great War.

The American Medical Unit's first contingent arrived in London June 4, comprising a number of doctors and nurses. The American Medical Unit has been leaving the United States in groups for several weeks past, and at the present writing many more units have arrived in Great Britain and France for service at the front.

The American flying squadrons in France have painted on their aëros the head and feathers of the American Indian. On the wings is the circle and star, and on the tail are the red, white, and blue stripes. All these are the insignia adopted by the American Flying Squadrons in France to distinguish them from the French aëroplanes.

Recent aerial attacks, or raids, by the Germans on England, numbered four up to the 14th of June. Aëroplanes have been substituted for Zeppelins on account of the success of the British in bringing down dirigibles. Kent and other nearby districts were raided on June 5, and on June 13 one end of London was bombarded by fifteen hostile aëroplanes; 49 persons were killed and 200 injured in the city of London.

Johns Hopkins Medical School, early in June, contributed more than one hundred Red Cross nurses, twenty-seven physicians and surgeons, and one hundred sixty other college men for service in France. The nurses are John Hopkins graduates, and the physicians members of the staff. The men who go with the detachment are medical students. This unit forms one of the first large hospital units to be put in the foreign field by this country.

King Constantine and Crown Prince George of Greece abdicated on June 13, Prince Alexander, Constantine's second son, will take up

the crown and become the new Greek ruler. This action, it is surmised, will put a stop to the intrigue of Greece with Germany, since it is believed, and so stated, that Alexander is expected to prove friendly to the Allies. The Allies took possession of Athens and other Greek positions on June 14.

Registration for the army proceeded on June 5, which was a holiday the Union over, and it was estimated by unofficial returns, that more than 10,000,000 men were registered for conscription in the army that day. In Salt Lake City and County more than 17,000 young men between the ages of 21 and 30 inclusive were registered, and the total amount of the registration in Utah, unofficially announced, was 41,290. Some states went over the census mark, but others fell below.

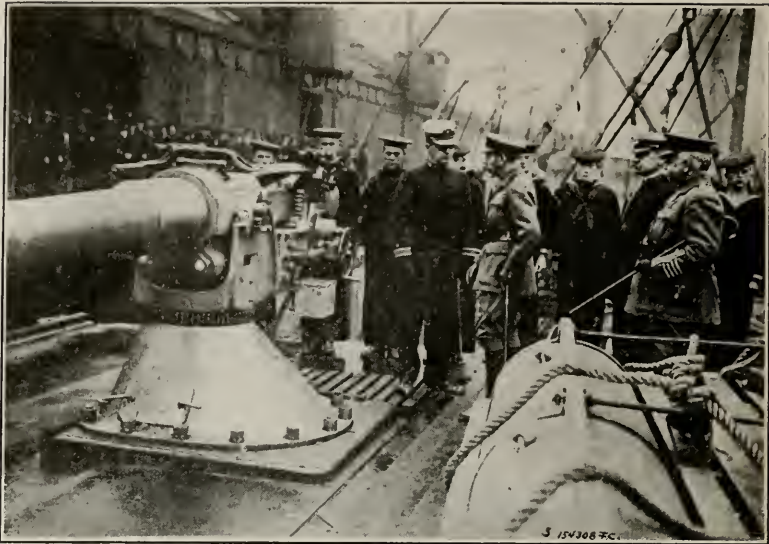
The crew of the German raider Cormoran, numbering about 300, were located in June at Fort Douglas, Utah. They are located in a barbed wire stockade with convenient barracks to sleep and rest. During the month of June 200 buildings at Fort Douglas have been erected to be occupied by the Forty-second and Forty-third Infantries of the Fort Douglas brigade organization. Within a few days these buildings will be occupied by about 4,000 soldiers preparing to go across the water.

An earthquake in San Salvador, Central America, destroyed the city of San Salvador early in June. On the evening of June 7 one severe shock after another shook the affected area. Rivers of molten lava flooded the city from the volcano San Salvador, which was the cause of the destruction of the city and surrounding towns. Boiling water and torrential rain added to the terror of the disaster. After the first shock, the volcano belched forth fire and smoke, and covered the vicinity for miles with showers of hot ashes and lava.

The greatest mine explosion of the Great War occurred in early June. Nine miles of trenches in the Ypres area were blown up at one time by the British, with over six hundred tons, or 1,200,000 pounds, of explosives. General Herbert C. C. Plummer, one of Sir Douglas Haig's three chief commanders, was in command of the British army, and, with other British generals, created this the greatest mine explosion of the war. The British troops advanced immediately after the explosion, and thus flattened out the Nyschaete salient and widened materially the area of the British salient at Ypres.

Norway and the food supply are figuring in the news of the day very largely. German newspapers have openly warned Norway and other Scandinavian countries of the danger to those countries of putting embargoes on food supplies. As a result of embargo, food from Scandinavia to Germany has reached the lowest point of importation since the war began, and will doubtless cease entirely unless Germany, by an offensive, can cow the Scandinavian countries into continuing to share their food with their Teuton neighbors. A Norwegian commission to the United States is on the way to this country, headed by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the arctic explorer.

The month of May, 1917, was a peculiar month in the matter of weather, in and about Salt Lake City, at least; and this applies also to a great district of country in the Rocky Mountain region. The precipitation in Salt Lake City for the month was 3.48. There were seven clear days only in the month of May, twelve partly clouded days, and twelve cloudy days. During fifteen days of the month there was precipitation, with a hundredth of an inch or more, and on the 31st there was hail. On the 3rd, 11th, and 17th there were light frosts, however of such a light nature that they did not injure the growing crops. There were thunder storms on May 4, 9, 10, 22, 25 and 28.



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American Blue Jackets and King George at Liverpool.—This picture shows a record of the first time, since America formally drew the sword for the cause of democracy and humanity, that the British king met American blue jackets on an American deck. King George is conversing with an American naval officer, during his visit of inspection, at Liverpool. The sight of United States navy men and American guns in a British port was surely ample evidence of America's alliance. The king evinced a lively interest in the anti-submarine gun which was operated for him by the Yankee tars, who are also shown in the photo.

From a Bulletin issued by the Presiding Bishop's office, relating to ward teachers and sacrament meetings held during the month of May, we learn: there are 817 wards in the Church, 295 of which reported 100% of the Saints visited during that month; 215 reported 50 to less than 100% visited; 174 reported less than 50% visited, and 133 wards reported none visited and not reported. The average per cent of priesthood at meetings shows 66% in Juarez, Mexico, 31% in Ogden, 29% in Granite, 24% in North Davis, Pioneer, South Davis and Weber, and 23% in Box Elder. The next to the lowest figure is 3% in Tooele and Rigby, only one stake falling below them, namely, Portneuf, which has 2%. Of the large stakes, Benson has 4% and Jordan the same number.

Red Cross Sunday was observed on June 17 in conformity with the proclamation of the President of the United States, designating Red Cross week, during which period a large sum of money is to be raised by the nation for the use of the American Red Cross. The First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints advised all bishops, and others in charge of Latter-day Saint services, that they observe that day as Red Cross Sunday, in their respective congregations, and advised them to provide speakers, music and other exercises in harmony with the spirit of

the occasion, the duty of the hour, and the lofty object of the cause. Their request was generally complied with, and in the 817 wards throughout the Church these services were held.

Joseph Hodges Choate, former United States Ambassador to Great Britain, died on Monday, May 14, at his home in New York City. He had taken very active part in the reception of the British and French foreign missions in New York City, and attended services at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine with Foreign Minister Balfour on the Sunday morning of the day previous to his death. He was there referred to by Mayor Mitchell of New York as the "foremost citizen of New York City." He was born in Salem, Massachusetts, January 24, 1832. He graduated at Harvard, in 1852, and from the Dane law school, in 1854. He was appointed ambassador to Great Britain by President William McKinley, February 22, 1899. He was a gifted orator and a noted jurist.

The National Sylvan Theatre is the first institution of the kind, in fact of any kind, indoor or outdoor, built by the United States. It is the first of its kind in the country and is located on the lawn near the Washington monument. It was opened on June 2nd, and leading operatic stars and prominent Washington people participated in the opening and assisted in the performance. Leading players of the operatic and theatrical world accepted the government invitation and appeared. The play was entitled "The Drama Triumphant," and was written by Mrs. Christian Hemmick of Washington, to whom credit for the introduction and completion of the theatre is due. Entertainments in keeping with the spirit of such an institution will be given annually throughout each summer. The institution is especially designed to attract the interest and sympathy of all who appreciate art for art's sake.

The Liberty Loan of the United States Government was oversubscribed, by an amount approaching one billion dollars. The Government sought to obtain \$2,000,000,000, out of the authorized \$5,000,000,000. The loan was so successful, as a genuine triumph for democracy, that Secretary McAdoo, on June 15, when it closed, said, in announcing that it had been oversubscribed: "It is the unmistakable expression of America's determination to carry this war for the protection of American rights and the re-establishment of peace and liberty throughout the world to a swift and successful conclusion. * * It has been an inspiring campaign, and it has had a glorious finish." With an allotment of \$6,500,000, Utah's subscription approached the nine million dollar mark, or more than 37% in excess of the required amount. Utah will stand well up among the leaders in this as in other movements that show patriotic devotion to the Union. An offering of the remaining three billion dollars, out of the five authorized by Congress, will probably not be made until next fall.

George Cannon Lambert, founder of the Lambert Paper Company, of Salt Lake City, and former manager of the *Deseret News*, and the well-known originator and publisher of the "Faith-promoting Series" of books, died at his home in Salt Lake City, Sunday, June 3, 1917. He was born April 11, 1848, at Winter Quarters, Nebraska, and came with his parents to Utah, in the fall of 1849. He resided in Salt Lake City ever since. Almost from the beginning of the *Juvenile Instructor*, in 1866, until the early 80s, he was associated with that splendid publication of which his uncle, President George Q. Cannon, was then the editor and owner. It was while he was connected with this institution that he originated and published the well-known "Faith-promoting Series," several new books in which series, he has recently published on his own account. He served on a mission in 1882-84, in England, and after his return, became senior president of the Twenty-third quo-

rum of Seventies, and also a worker in the Salt Lake Temple. A faithful man,, true to his trust, energetic, thrifty and reliable, he served honestly and well both the Church and the community.

The Confederate veterans gathered in Washington for their annual reunion in the early part of June, 1917. This is their twenty-seventh annual reunion, and it is the first time in this history that they held an annual reunion outside of the bounds of the states which composed the southern confederacy. Thousands of the veterans received a most hearty welcome in Washington, and the Stars and Bars were intermingled everywhere with the Stars and Stripes. This incident is a clear indication that all the animosities growing out of the great Civil War which threatened the continuance of our republic have passed into oblivion. From an address delivered by Earnest G. Baldwin, Commander of the Sons of Veterans, at their meeting, June 7, it is clear that the "vets" of the south are as loyal to Old Glory as all true Americans should be, and they may be counted upon to give their support, and lives if need be, for the preservation of the Union. He said: "I feel we would be unworthy of the heritage of our forefathers did we not with a single mind and single voice answer the call that comes to us at this crucial moment in our national history. It is a call for a new spirit of patriotism and the warm co-operation with those in whose hands we have committed the welfare of our country."

New Wards and Bishops. May, 1917: Hunt ward, St. Johns stake, disorganized. Vernon ward organized, with F. M. Whiting, bishop. Lovell First ward, Big Horn stake, with Cyrus S. Robertson bishop; address Lovell, Wyoming. Lovell Second ward, Big Horn stake, with George R. Bringhurst bishop; address Lovell, Wyoming.

New Bishops. Otto ward, Big Horn stake, Orson M. Porter succeeded Niels C. Winter; address same. Cache ward, Teton stake, James Nielson succeeded N. H. Hansen; address, Tetonia R. D. No. 1, Idaho. Enterprise Ward, St. George Stake, George O. Holt succeeded George A. Holt; address same. Clawson ward, Emery stake, Joseph Orson Barney succeeded William Hitchcock; address same. Lawrence ward, Emery stake, Ira Nelson Day succeeded Ole N. Tuft; address same. Lorenzo ward, Rigby stake, Zeraph P. Terry succeeded Albert Beazer; address same. Payson Second ward, Nebo stake, Elisha Brown succeeded Samuel E. Taylor; address same. Spanish Fork Second ward, Nebo stake, Henry A. Gardner succeeded Benjamin Argyle; address same. Spanish Fork Third ward, Nebo stake, Ralph D. Morgan succeeded George Hales; address same. Manassa ward, San Luis stake, Ammon E. Mortensen succeeded Samuel Jackson; address same. Blackfoot Second ward, Blackfoot stake, Oscar L. Rider succeeded Lorenzo R. Thomas; address same.

Trieste, Austria's Greatest Naval Base.—The advancing Italian army was less than eleven miles from the great Austrian naval base at Trieste on June 1. The important port of Duino is directly menaced and its fall is expected. Planning a general retreat into Trieste itself, which they hope to hold during a siege, the Austrians are withdrawing their heavy guns from their advanced lines and entrenching much closer to the important naval base. The photograph shows a panorama of Trieste, and was taken from Miramare, the home of the Archduke Maximilian, afterward emperor of Mexico. On the left is the hill of Opoina, which is a noted summer resort, the air here being much cooler than in the city. It is reached in twenty minutes by cable car. In the foreground, running along the shore, is the important railroad connecting Trieste with Venice, the Isonzo, and Vienna. At the foot of the hill is one of the fortifications. In the middle distance is shown the breakwater harbor and main part of the city. In the background, fronting on the bay, is Servola, the site of Austria's great naval ship-building yard.

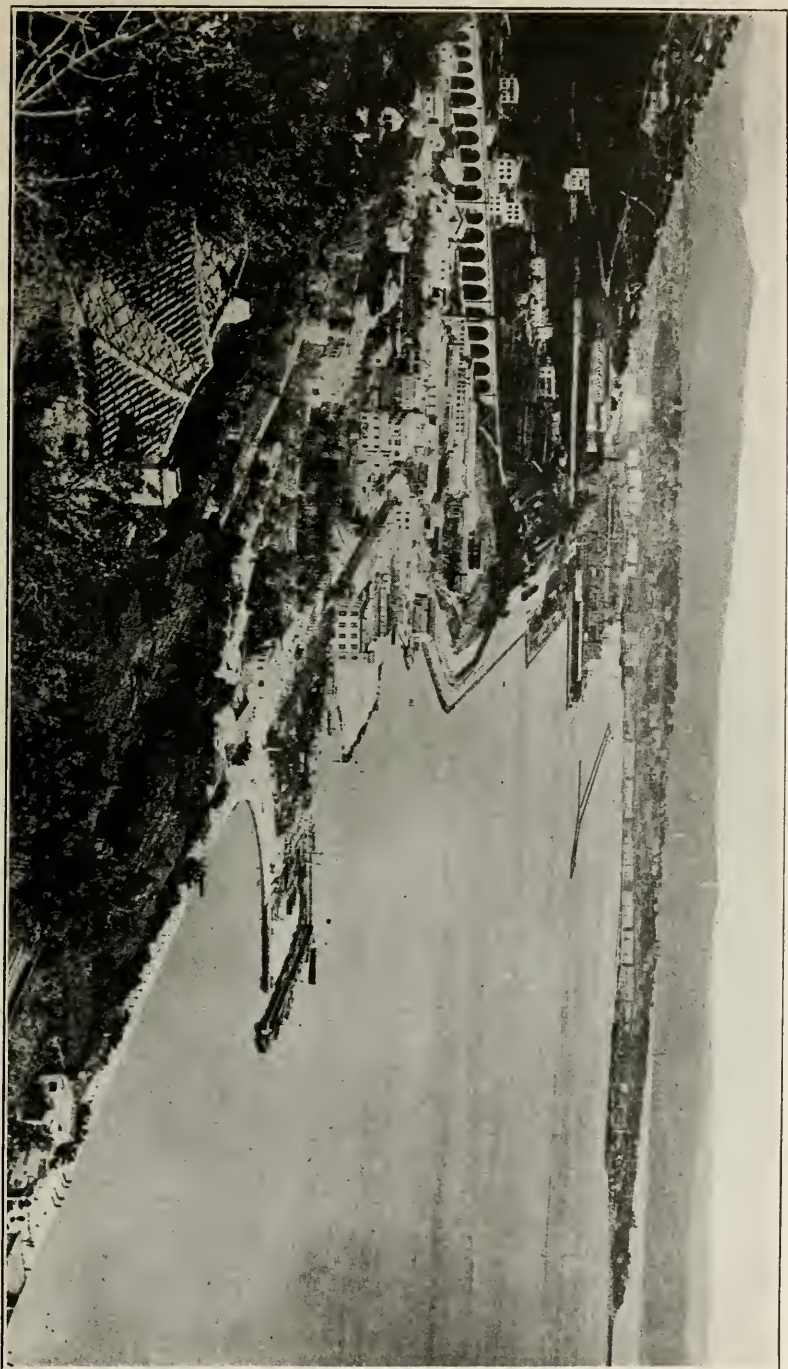


Photo from Underwood and Underwood, New York.
TRIESTE, AUSTRIA'S GREATEST NAVAL BASE

Red Cross Week was observed June 18-25, according to proclamation by President Wilson. Henry P. Davidson, chairman of the war council of the Red Cross, was in hopes of obtaining contributions during that week for the full amount of \$100,000,000, for rendering service to our soldiers and sailors to aid those of our Allies in the Great War, and to relieve human misery everywhere. Utah's quota of this amount is \$350,000, and it was expected that the appeal would meet with a hearty response. It is a most stupendous call that confronts the Red Cross. Millions who have fought for liberty lie wounded, millions of women and children are homeless and helpless, hundreds of towns and villages are destroyed, and disease and distress are everywhere rampant. The country will meet the task with true American spirit, and Utah, with Bishop Charles W. Nibley at the head of the executive committee, will furnish cheerfully and promptly her share for the Red Cross, even as she met the demand for men and for Liberty bonds.

Herbert E. Hoover, the United States food administrator, has appealed to the nation's housewives to join him in the fight for conservation measures and the elimination of waste. The women will be enrolled for registration from July 1 to July 15, through the Council of National Defense and the State Defense councils. Every woman in the United States will be asked to register for actual membership in the food administration. It is said that ninety per cent of American consumption passes through the hands of our women. In no other field do small things when multiplied by 100,000,000 people count for so much. A single pound of bread saved weekly for each person will increase our export surplus of wheat 100,000,000 bushels, and an average saving of two cents on each meal every day for each person will save the nation for war purposes \$2,000,000,000 per annum.

The National Education Association will hold its annual meeting at Portland, Oregon, July 7-14, 1917. A rumor has obtained that owing to the unsettled condition of affairs, the association would not meet this year, but the Secretary, Durand W. Springer, Ann Arbor, Mich., has issued a circular to the education people throughout the country urging the need of meeting as usual. A careful study of the situation leads to the conclusion that so far as this country is concerned, we are more certain as to the condition of affairs this summer than we are as to the condition in which we will find ourselves next summer. Consequently, he argues that to postpone the meeting would be taking a leap in the dark. The school must be continued, and the present unusual situation makes it all the more necessary that school men should meet these conditions squarely, and, as a result of investigation and conference, determine the ways in which the school system can be made to add to the increased efficiency which is desired in this country. Patriotic motives alone should make the Portland meeting, therefore, the most influential in the history of the association. He announces further, that the program is to be built around the subject of preparedness, nationalism, and patriotism. The school men are able to discuss these questions from an absolutely unbiased standpoint, as commercialism does not enter into their work. The evil of letting down the bars of child labor, on the plea of patriotism, is an attempt in some quarters to commercialize the producing power of the child. School men should therefore stand for the protection of the children, while at the same time should meet every certainly determined necessity. Those who have the country's needs at heart, have concluded that it is necessary to preserve normal conditions as far as possible, and the school men should therefore do their part to get together in the annual association and discuss this work of theirs in investigation and conference for the best good of all concerned. The meetings in Oregon will bring many school teachers to Utah.

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The Improvement Era, an ably edited magazine, is a powerful missionary in the Southern States. We regard it as a very helpful factor in bringing souls unto the knowledge of the truth. I heartily congratulate the editors for the wisdom and ability they display in their selection of the subjects which appear in the *Era*, for these subjects fit into our conditions splendidly. We all eagerly look forward every month for this magazine and find instruction in reading it.—*Charles A. Callis*, President Southern States Mission, Chattanooga, Tenn., Box 417.

Improvement Era, July, 1917

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